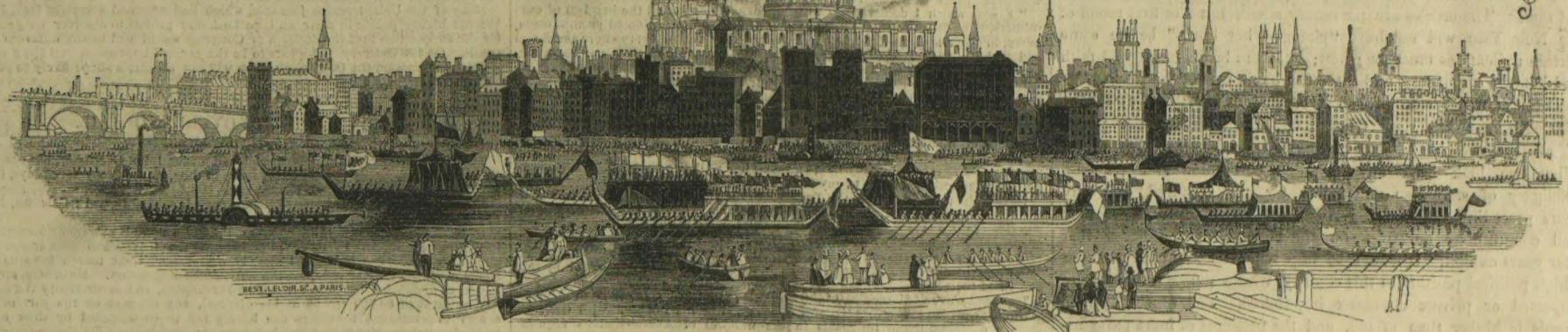


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



No. 192.—VOL. VIII.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

[SIXPENCE.]

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE unresting shadow on the dial of Time has again completed its circle; and, careless as we are of the lapse of weeks and months, there are few who do not pause with some degree of reflection, when that shadow has marked the revolution of a year. No man does the parting year leave as it found him, but changed—often, it may be hoped, for the better—still oftener, if may be feared, for the worse. Of little account as a year may be in the history of a nation, even on a whole people it frequently exercises a mighty influence. A few days have changed a dynasty, overturned a throne that stood on the foundation of centuries, and forced on the lips of those who "dwelt in Kings' houses" the bitter bread of exile. A few weeks have witnessed whole nations overrun by hostile hosts, spoiled and devastated, and, save in memory, blotted from the map of kingdoms.

The smaller sections of time may work in ourselves, and all about us, an inexpressible change; but those of the larger almost defy comprehension. From history alone can we gather the mutations of a century. To comparatively few of the children of men is it given to see those of half that space; and, even then, the gathering coldness of age makes them often think every change they remember has been one for the worse. A long lapse of time confounds events with each other, and renders all dim and indistinct; but the incidents of a shorter period memory can recall with the utmost vividness. That retrospection is often forced on the most indifferent, and at no time more seriously than when we stand between the OLD YEAR and the NEW.

The closing days of the Old Year have been marked by political changes as extraordinary as they were unexpected. The Peel Ministry, that seemed "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," was suddenly broken up, and its weak opponents called on to supply its place. But they could not perform the task: whether it was personal quarrels among the leaders, or difference upon points of policy, matters not—the attempt of the Whigs to form a Government was a failure. What produced the crisis? We believe it to have been the political foresight of the Premier, that enables him to perceive more clearly than his fellows, that the time has come when a complicated and restrictive system of commerce cannot be maintained; cities and towns that, a generation ago, could be numbered by thousands, are growing to millions: they must be fed, at all hazards; and, to be fed, they must be employed. To govern such masses is an awful responsibility; and with such an enormous comparative population to deal with, the mere shadow of approaching or impending scarcity, compels rulers to act. They cannot sit still with folded arms, and say, we can do nothing. There is an imperious necessity behind them driving them forward. It is that necessity, seen by the Premier, but, perhaps, escaping the observation of his colleagues, that has caused the breaking up of the Cabinet. We believe him, firmly, to be far above any of the lower influences that make statesmen tenacious of office for its own sake; but that he loves the power, the position, and the place in history, that the *de facto* ruler of England must always possess, is apparent. Would he sacrifice all these for a danger that existed only in imagination? It is very usual, among many of his own party, to attempt to prove that the fear is unfounded; we dare say the Premier would be but too happy to be able to entertain the same opinion.

The responsibility of office obliges a man to see things under a very different aspect from those who have little or no anxiety about results; who, at all events, are not answerable for them should they prove disastrous. It is these social difficulties, always interwoven with commercial questions, that have of late years become more and more pressing; they have now grown to be the stumbling-block of Ministries and Cabinets. Formerly, we have seen Governments overthrown on questions of religious and political principle; the Church, the Tithes, the Franchise, have all been questions on which power has been gained and lost; but that a Cabinet should be overthrown on what is intrinsically but a question of the policy of trade, of the working of commerce, and the effect of the intercourse of nations, was reserved for the departing year, 1845. The question may be considered as having reached its culminating point; it must now, of necessity, approach nearer and nearer to its solution. Whether that decision will be satisfactory or not depends on the degree of wisdom and courage with which those who have the power in their hands may meet it; but that it cannot be distant is certain. The suddenness with which a remedy is applied often bears no proportion to the time the evil has existed; the old close borough system arose from the natural changes of centuries causing one place to rise and flourish while another went to decay. But within the compass of two years

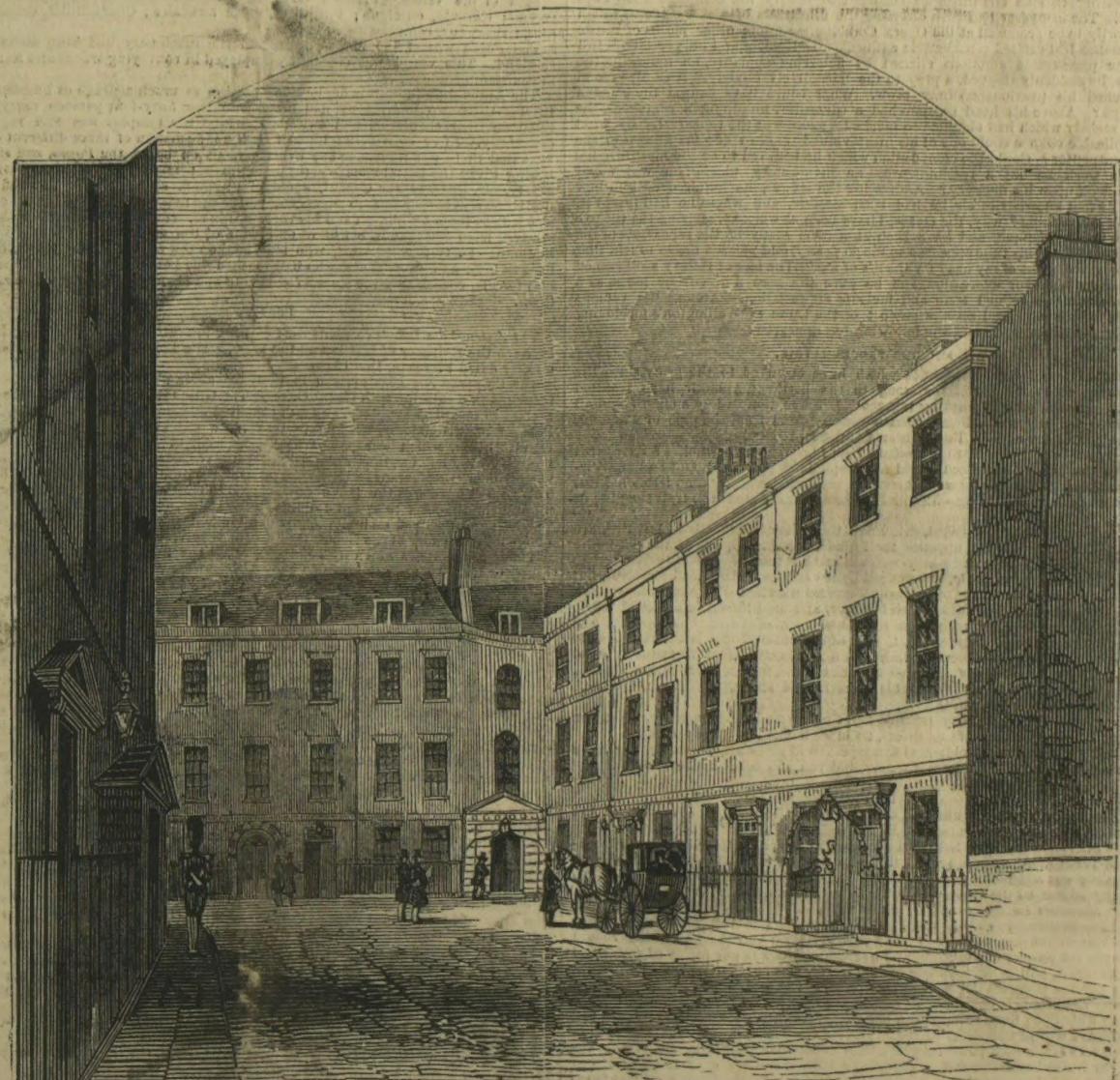
came the storm that swept the whole system away, destroying the mockeries of representation and establishing the reality in its place. The policy commenced in 1842 may probably find its completion in 1846.

But there is nothing certain, save the irrevocable past, though we do not, like *Hamlet*, absolutely "defy augury," yet we hold it to be—in the movements of politicians especially—unprofitable: leaving the future, then, to that past let us return.

Perhaps the best peculiarity of the past year is, that it stands distinguished by no striking, or, what History would register as a great event. These are so often found to have been great calamities—wars, battles, revolutions, and other chances that must have been accompanied with intense human suffering—that men should always congratulate themselves when they are furnished with no opportunity of giving what is called a brilliant, but which is really a bloody page to their chronicles. Let us welcome our future obscurity with thankfulness, since it denotes that we had that "peace in our time," which should be one of the first objects of the Christian's prayer. This calamity we have at least been spared—may it long be spared us! The past year opened for us amid general tranquillity, and in peace we meet its successor. For thirty years the nations of Europe have not turned their arms against each other, to the great increase of the happiness and prosperity of all of them. The lesson of the last great conflict has not been forgotten; and though they have not yet shaken off mutual jealousies, nor are yet able to dispense with those formidable bodies of trained force, which still denote war to be a possibility, yet we hope that the moderation of rulers, the decrease of that mania for regulating the Governments of other people which once possessed all the powerful Courts of Europe, and, still more, the effects of closer communication and the better knowledge of each other that it brings, will continue to keep this great evil from again infecting the world with its miserable madness. Within the

last few years, questions have arisen which there can be little doubt would have kindled the flame of destruction between people and people; yet they have been settled amicably, with no disadvantage to either party. So may it be for the future; so, we trust, will the "little cloud" that has arisen between us and America pass away. War between two such people seems too hideous to be contemplated; we are kindred in blood and language, and war, "foul as in the best it is," would, between them, be, indeed, "most foul, strange, and unnatural."

Notwithstanding the fears and perplexities that have darkened the closing days of the departed year, it has had its share of brightness too. Whatever may be anticipated, no general calamity has fallen on us; the year cannot be termed other than a prosperous one. The population has been employed and fed, whatever may be the fears as to the supply of labour and food for the future. Indeed, the nation has displayed an energy that could only have arisen from the consciousness of possessing mighty resources. Abused as the spirit of enterprise has been, by mere schemers and sharpers, still what other country in the world could undertake such gigantic operations as the railways that there is no doubt will be carried to completion? Even after the disappearance of those bubbles already exploded, and of those that will not be approved by the legal authority, enough will be left to task the wealth of every nation of Europe to the utmost, while England will accomplish them with ease; and yet have a vast sum to spare for the assistance of her neighbours. We no longer squander our wealth in war, that great gulf which would absorb more than human effort could accumulate. The vast increase of her funds, secured by the untiring industry of England, enables her to do what others could not dream of attempting. That speculation may be, and has been carried to excess cannot be denied; but the mischief is passing away; the returning confidence of the public shows that the de-



GOVERNMENT OFFICES, DOWNING-STREET.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

velopment of our internal communications is the best purpose to which capital can be applied. A new stage in that progress, a new railway era, may be dated from 1845.

The transition from the old year to the new is marked by a suspension of that political excitement which a short time ago prevailed. But the most anxious expectation still exists; and the opening of the Session of 1846 is looked forward to with extraordinary interest. Are we really entering on a new era, or only going to find a modification that can scarcely be called a change of an old one? The oracles are perversely silent, but the first moon of the New Year will not have "changed her horns" before some certain indications must be given; let them be given in good faith and honesty of purpose, and there can be no fear of the result.

Through whole ages of bad Government the native energy of Englishmen has risen triumphant, elastic beyond the power of all the weight of ignorance in its rulers to keep down. When we look back on the public corruption and personal profligacy of statesmen and rulers for the hundred and fifty years preceding the opening of the present century, we may well congratulate ourselves on the change for the better that later years exhibit. It would be impossible for any man to attain a high political position in this country whose public motives were suspected or private character impeached. The tone of public morals is higher than of old, and the pettiness of mere party intrigue is abandoned; the theories of Government now must be founded on the general welfare of the people. In this and the indomitable energy of the people themselves lie the best of hopes; may the NEW YEAR see their fulfilment!

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES, DOWNING-STREET.

We resume our illustrations of these Establishments with a view of Downing-street, a very "nook and corner" of office. The first plain-fronted house on the right is the office of the First Lord of the Treasury. Here, too, are the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Colonial Department; and the Foreign Office, occupying Nos. 15, 16, and 17. The whole place, *à cul de sac*, if it lack architectural pretension, has, at least, the welcome quiet of a retreat; though subject to the mutations incident to the possession of power and place.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

The great event of the week has been the opening of the Legislative Session by the King in person. The principal hall was disposed for the Royal reception. The King looked exceedingly well, though he is evidently getting older, and the Royal Family appeared in excellent spirits. The diplomatic tribune was entirely filled by the diplomatic body; that of the public was filled by elegantly-dressed females. The Pope's Nuncio, the Ambassador of Austria, and the Turkish *Charge d'Affaires*, were present; our Ambassador, Lord Cowley, was absent, in consequence of an accident which he had met with. Among the most striking features of the scene was an Indian, dressed in the most superb style. His diamonded dagger and splendid cachemires were quite dazzling: he was the very type of Eugene Sue's *Djalma*.

At one o'clock precisely the canonnading of the Invalides resounded through the air, the usual signal for Louis Philippe to leave the Tuilleries. He was accompanied by his four sons. The National Guard formed a line on the right of the King; at the left were the troops of the line. His Majesty was cheered throughout, with loud acclamations. The Queen entered her tribune, holding by the hand the *Comte de Paris*, and was received with enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Reine!" Then followed the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchess de Nemours, the Princess de Joinville, the Duchess d'Albemarle, and the Princess Adelalde. The Peers, as usual, occupied the seats on the right section; those on the left, were filled with upwards of three hundred and fifty Deputies, all dressed in full black. The Deputies of the Council of State, and the great dignitaries of the Legion of Honour, were seated at the back of the throne. On each side of the throne were the Ministers; Sout looked worried, and Guizot anxious. The King wore the uniform of the National Guard, the Dukes de Nemours and Albemarle the uniforms of lieutenants-general, the Prince de Joinville that of vice-admiral, and the Duke de Montpensier that of the chief of the squadron of artillery. At a signal given by the King, the audience seated themselves. Then the Speech was given. It went off capitally, and was admirably delivered—plain, sensible, and clear. There were three rounds of applause during its enunciation. At the departure of the Royal Family, shouts echoed through the several halls. The *corde* returned in the same order to the Tuilleries, amidst the reports of fresh salvos of artillery.

A rather curious circumstance occurred to Halevy the composer a few days since. The composer had been directing the rehearsals of his new opera, which is shortly to be produced at the Opera Comique. Among other pieces of music a romance had excited considerable enthusiasm. Returning to his residence full of the pleasurable emotions elicited by flattering applause, on mounting the stairs, he suddenly stopped, a prey to the most lively anxiety. A sudden cloud darkened his previously sunny brow. What could have caused the sudden change? Above his head sat perched a carpenter, humming a romance—the very melody which had obtained so marked a success at the rehearsal. By what inexplicable chance could one of his most valued *motives* become known to the said carpenter? Could the composition which he believed to be the most original of his work be but a reminiscence—an involuntary plagiarism which had fixed itself upon his memory? Addressing the singer, he inquired of him how long he had known the air he had been singing, and where he had learnt it. "Isn't it charming? why, the fact is, I have been at work at restoring the theatre of the Opera Comique, and have been at a good many of the rehearsals of the new opera, and this tune appeared to me so pretty, and pleased me so much, that I can't drive it out of my head for the life of me." The face of Halevy soon gained its former pleasant expression, and he gave the man a five-franc piece, as a testimony of his refined taste and melodic appreciation. Among the various squibs which appeared on the subject of the Duke of Wellington's forbidding smoking in the mess-rooms, the following has appeared:—

SMOKING PROCLAMATION.

SOLDIERS.—All the misfortunes which have occurred to the army since the drowning of Pharaoh and his troops to the battle of Aboukir have resulted directly from the use of smoking tobacco. Eve was tempted by a cigar; and all the evils which have afflicted human nature came from the pipe of Pandora, which poets have called a Box—tis an awful fum!

A true soldier knows but the smoke of glory. Who now smokes? Savoyards and chimneys. The civilised world now repudiates Maryland, and eschews Virginia. The use of the pipe in barracks promotes expectoration; this induces scrubbing and red-bricking—hurrahing for the brave men who trill the pike or carry the musket.

Spitting excites thirst—thirst, drinking; there may be exceptions, but they are rare. Thirst provokes an appetite for liquids, and the liquids of the pot-house are ordinarily Old Tom and heavy-wet, ale and hot pur.

Old Tom, heavy wet, ale, and hot pur, are excellent things in themselves, but when in the head they lead to follies the excited warriors. Two comrades seize each other's noses, then they clutch the hair, and then they are marched off to the guard house. They resist the sergeants, give sauce to the corporals, and pummel the officers. This conduct, out of all rules of discipline, causes their being carried before a court-martial, which condemns them to the lash or to death. Their comrades of the pipe and the jug lift heads up, smash glasses, make Scotch kilts of their respectable trousers, and shout, "Huzza, O'Connell! and down with Wellington."

They fight, they kill, they mutiny, and there is no longer an army, no longer an administration, no more ministers, no more budget, no more nothing.

These are the results, soldiers of the pipe. Will you continue longer to smoke over a volcano? No! you are warriors, but you will never become snobs!

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.—Last Saturday afternoon, the session of the French Chambers was commenced by a speech from the Throne. At one o'clock in the afternoon the King left the Tuilleries, and arrived at the Chamber of Deputies at about half-past one, being hailed on his way with the most loyal greetings. The King was attended by his sons. Having taken his seat on the Throne, his Majesty addressed the Chambers in the following terms:—

"Messieurs les Pairs et Messieurs les Députés.

"In assembling you about me, I am happy to think that we may congratulate ourselves on the general state of our country. I am confident that the accord between the powers of the State, and the maintenance of our policy of order and conservation, will more and more ensure the regular development of our institutions and the progress of the national prosperity."

"My Government has applied itself to prosecuting the execution of the great works which you have voted. The necessary measures for bringing them to a conclusion will be submitted to you. Thus we shall in a few years have conferred on France both powerful guarantees of security and the means of developing her fruitful activity, and of diffusing a state of welfare over all parts of our territory and through all classes of the population. While these important results have been obtained the situation of our finances has daily become more and more satisfactory."

"Laws relating to finance, with various other measures whose object is to produce into the administration important improvements, will be shortly presented to you."

"I continue to receive from all foreign powers pacific and amicable assurances. I hope that the policy which has maintained general peace amidst so many storms will one day cause the memory of my reign to be held in honour."

"The friendship that unites me to the Queen of Great Britain, and of which she has again so recently afforded me an affectionate testimony, and the mutual confidence of our Governments, have happily secured between both States good and intimate relations. The convention concluded between us for putting down the odious Slave-trade is at this moment in course of being carried into execution. Thus, by the cordial co-operation of the maritime forces of the two States, the Slave-trade will be effectually suppressed, and, at the same time, our commerce be again placed under the exclusive surveillance of our flag."

"I have reason to hope that the common action of France and England will lead, on the banks of the River Plate, to the restoration of regular and pacific commercial relations, which is the sole object of our efforts."

"Events which I deplore, but which have again exhibited the heroism of our soldiers, have disturbed our possessions in Africa. I have adopted prompt measures, in order that the domination of France may retain everywhere the force and ascendancy that become her. With the assistance of time, our energetic perseverance will lay the foundation of the security and prosperity of Algeria."

"Messieurs, you have afforded me your loyal co-operation in the great and arduous task which the national will has summoned me to fulfil. Providence has blessed our efforts, and has afforded me precious consolations in my own family. Wherever they have appeared, my sons have, I trust, worthily upheld the name of France. My grandsons are increasing in number, and growing up under my own eyes. My dearest wish and sweetest hope is, that, by our devotedness to France, and our zeal in serving her well, we may insure her affection and the intimate union of my family and country for ever established."

"During the procession from the Tuilleries to the Chamber of Deputies, in which the ceremony took place, and its return thence, the National Guards, who lined one side of the quays through which it passed, saluted the King with rather more of *ensemble* than usual by cry of "Vive le Roi!"

The Paris papers criticise the Message of President Polk with some severity. The general feeling in Paris was, that France was more strongly insulted by the document than England.

The *Semaphore* of Marseilles, of the 22nd ult., publishes a letter from Algiers of the 18th, which states that General Jousouf, after his junction with General Bedeau, disguised ten of his spahis in the uniform of Abd-el-Kader's regular troops, and dispatched them in the direction of Goudja, where it was known that Abd-el-Kader had established his camp. These spahis met a small detachment of Abd-el-Kader's regulars, to the number of ten or twelve, and hesitated not to attack them vigorously. All these regulars were put to death, with the exception of one, who was captured and brought to General Jousouf. This prisoner indicated the real place where Abd-el-Kader was encamped, and, at the same moment, although the night was advanced, General Jousouf set out, and by means of a forced march, arrived at twelve o'clock on the following day at the camp which Abd-el-Kader had quitted only an hour previously. The General found the fires still burning. The camp was situated near a morass, which was nearly impassable, and the French troops suffered much from the snow, which was falling in abundance.

The Chamber of Deputies met on Monday at two o'clock. The first business proceeded with was the arrangement of the nine standing committees (*bureaux*), into which the Chamber is divided, which is done by lot. The *bureaux* then proceeded to elect their presidents and secretaries for the month. These elections are generally considered a pretty sure indication of the respective strength of the Ministerial party and the Opposition, and on the present occasion they certainly showed the Ministry to be very strong. Out of the nine *bureaux* the Government candidates were elected in eight, and the Opposition candidate in only one, so that of the eighteen presidents and secretaries, sixteen are on the side of the Government and only two on the other side. The Government candidates elected as presidents are Messrs. Brunet, Delessert, Cousture, Perier, Bignon, J. Lefebvre, Sapey, and Clement; and the secretaries are Messrs. De Sahune, St. Aulaire, Desmorts, Molin, De Gouland, Persil, the Duke d'Uzes, and Viscount de Montesquieu. The successful candidates of the Opposition are M. de Sade, president, and M. Sieyes, secretary. This result shows that the Ministry here is rather stronger than it was at the commencement of last session. M. Sauzet, the Government candidate, was elected President of the Chamber by a majority of 66. The following is the result of the ballot:—

For M. Sauzet	213
M. Dufaure	147
M. Dupin	3
M. Odilon Barrot	1

The result is much more favourable to the Government than was previously expected, and was received with loud cheers from the Ministerial benches.

The Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday assembled to complete the officers of the Chamber by choosing the Vice-Presidents, when the following members were chosen:—MM. Bignon, Le Pelleter, D'Aulnay, De Velleyme, and Duprat, all of whom belong to the Ministerial party. The defeated candidates were MM. Billaut, Vivien, De Sade, and De Tracy. The election for the Secretaries confirmed the result obtained for the Vice-Presidents. MM. de l'Espe, Boissy d'Anglas, Las Cases, and Lacroix, the Ministerial candidates, were elected.

The French Government has received accounts of the wreck of the *Popin* war steamer, of 160 horse-power, on the coast of Morocco, near Mogador. The *Popin* was employed to carry M. Marey-Monge, the French Consul recently appointed to Mogador in place of M. Hellouy-Jorrel, to his post. The steamer and its cargo are entirely lost, and it is said that of 150 persons on board only 76 were saved.

M. Marey Monge, M. Fleuriot de Langle, the commandant of the vessel, and all the staff of the vessel, with the exception of M. de St. Pierre, a volunteer, have perished, with about half the crew, in all seventy-five. The persons saved are seventy-six in number.

Passengers saved.—Messrs. Du Bourdieu, Commissaire Ordonnateur at Gorée; Delaporte, Consular agent at Mogador; Pusset, the Consul's servant, and a Moor. Passengers dead.—Albert, Lieutenant of Voltigeurs; Dubre, Garde du Genie; Tisserant, a missionary priest; Marey Monge, Consul at Mogador; two Moors and a Jew.

Staff of the vessel.—Fleuriot de Langle, commander; Dieul, capitaine en second; Hérente, enseigne; Vicard, enseigne auxiliaire; Charbonnier, commissaire; Broc, surgeon.

The *Popin* was of 160 horse-power, and the machinery had been made in England. This vessel was constantly employed in conveying troops and letters in the Mediterranean.

The Arabs showed on this deplorable occasion as much courage as humanity. In less than two hours they had brought to land forty-four persons, carrying them on their shoulders, and swimming whilst the tempest was still raging dreadfully. After convincing himself by the information of three different envoys that there was no longer any living persons on board the *Popin*, and after having given the burial rites to eight unfortunate persons who had been washed ashore, Mr. Redman, the Consul, agent of England, at Mazagan, conducted all the shipwrecked persons to Mazagan, where the most eager and attentive care was paid to them by himself and his three brothers. The letters which have been received from Mazagan are full of eulogium of the admirable conduct of Mr. Redman. Forty-four persons, who remained on the vessel, certainly owe their lives to him, and even those who had reached the land are equally indebted to him for life, considering the state of suffering and destitution in which he found them.

ITALY.

The *Journal des Débats* contains the following interesting account of interviews between the Emperor of Russia and the Pope. The information is contained in a letter dated Florence, Dec 19:—

The Emperor Nicholas arrived in Florence at six o'clock this morning. He travelled in a calèche with Count Orloff. The Grand Duke had sent his Chamberlain to meet the Emperor, and had prepared apartments for him in the Pitt Palace: but his Majesty, wishing to preserve a strict *incognito*, alighted at the Hotel d'Italie, which was placed at his disposal. The Grand Duke presented himself at the hotel at nine o'clock to pay his respects to the Emperor, who at the moment was sleeping, and the Grand Duke withdrew without seeing him. Two hours afterwards the Duke sent his Grand Master of the Ceremonies to request the Emperor to accept a dinner at the Court, to be followed by a concert. The Emperor declined all invitations and all honours, but expressed his desire to dine with the family of the Grand Duke without ceremony.

The two interviews which took place between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Emperor Nicholas form the principal topic of conversation in this city. There is nothing official known on the subject. It is agreed on all hands, however, that it was the Sovereign Pontiff who led the conversation to the subject of religious affairs. His language to the Czar was firm, affectionate, and severe, but profoundly melancholy, and produced, it is said, a strong impression on the Emperor Nicholas. At his first interview the Sovereign Pontiff had on his table two ukases published by the Emperor, which his Holiness requested should be revoked. These two ukases not only deprive the civil power of all intervention with respect to the jurisdiction of the religious affairs of the Christian communities in Russia, and invest the Greek Russian clergy with such jurisdiction, but they confer upon that body the right, without appeal, of applying the penalties in such matters contrary to the ukases of Catherine II. and of the Emperor Alexander.

The Sovereign Pontiff, on taking leave of the Emperor, handed him a note, in which were stated all the complaints of the Holy See against the head of the Greek religion.

The *Journal des Débats* adds the following details, borrowed from a letter dated Rome, Dec. 18:—

"The eve of his departure the Emperor returned to the Pope to pay a farewell visit. This last audience lasted three-quarters of an hour. After an interchange of compliments, the Sovereign Pontiff said to the Emperor—'At this moment the eyes of the entire universe are fixed upon us, and every Catholic is anxiously awaiting the result of our interview.' This result will shortly be made known. The Pope will make it the subject of an address to the Sacred College in the approaching Consistory, which will take place in the month of January.

"On Sunday, the 14th, the Czar ascended the cupola of St. Peter, about twelve o'clock. A collation was prepared for him there by order of the Major-Domo. He accepted some refreshment, and proposed the health of the Pope in the following terms—'To the health of the Pope. May God preserve that venerable person, and grant him all that he desires.'

THE UNITED STATES.

The *Cambray* has arrived with New York papers to the 15th ult. The news they contain is highly important, comprising, a New York paper says:—

"1. The whole diplomatic correspondence between the American and British Ministers upon the Oregon question.

"2. Intelligence from Washington, upon the best authority, that the negotiations, which it was thought had been suspended, have been re-opened by Mr. Pakenham, upon new propositions of compromise."

"3. In the event of any difficulty taking place with England upon this question, the probable action of Congress upon the subject, and the proposition, by Colonel Benton, of organizing 200,000 militia, in order to meet the important crisis, including also a suitable increase of our steam navy, fortifications, and naval armaments.

"4. The re-opening of negotiations between Mexico and the United States, and the proposition for the purchase of California, with the probable expectation of a magnificent plan for uniting both republics, so as to give peace to both, and to present an important front to all European Governments.

"These things affect our foreign relations. In domestic affairs, the prospect that a revenue tariff will be established by Congress, together with a special currency system for the Government, as the best general plan to prevent inflations, give protection to all the interests of the country, and enable it to meet and prevent all commercial explosions hereafter."

Many of the United States regiments, which had assumed a warlike tone, have become highly pacific in their anticipations, and profess to discover no ground for the supposition that the decision of Congress would lead to any unfavourable result. On the contrary, it appears to be the general impression that the discussion in Congress on the Oregon question will not assume a shape likely to prove offensive to Great Britain.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.

INDIA.

The Overland Mail from India, despatched on the 1st of December, has reached England in an unprecedentedly short space of time, viz.—twenty-seven days, from Bombay. It arrived on Sunday night last.

The dates brought by this conveyance are:—Bombay, Dec. 1; Calcutta, Nov. 21; Madras, Nov. 22.

From China there is nothing new, but the India news is extremely important, inasmuch as it appears that a collision between the British and Sikh troops was almost certain. The latter had already commenced their march towards the Sutlej, with the view of repelling the anticipated aggression. Meantime, strong measures of defence had been adopted at Ferozepore, and as Sir Henry Hardinge has upwards of 50,000 troops at his disposal, any attempt on the part of the enemy to precipitate hostilities can hardly fail to be attended by their overwhelming defeat. The Sikh army had been arranged in three divisions—one commanded by Sirdar Tej Singh (the late Governor of Peshawur), another by Rajah Lall Singh, and a third by Sirdar Jewun Singh. The affairs of the Government continued to be administered by the Ranee. Goolab Singh was still at Jamoo. Scinde was perfectly quiet, and the troops generally healthy.

The *Overland Bombay Times* of the 1st of December gives the following general summary of the news of the previous month. It says:—

"Intelligence of a warlike character was received yesterday from the Punjab. The Sikh Government, it appears, have become incensed at the reported intention of the British authorities to appropriate the territories on this side of the Sutlej, and have urged the soldiers to march towards the river with the view of repelling the expected aggression. By the last accounts some cavalry had actually proceeded in the direction indicated, and though opinion was divided as to the policy of the movement, more men were expected to follow. In the meantime strong measures of defence have been adopted at Fero

fit them out, and borrowed three pounds, as he said, to pay for the goods. This he said, he would return to him in the morning, but from that time to the present he had not got it back. This and other circumstances induced him (witness) to make inquiries about Mr. Mead, the acceptor of the bill placed in his hands for security, and discovered that it was mere waste paper. He next made application to an attorney, who recommended him to give the prisoner into custody on a charge of fraud. He, in consequence, went to the residence of the prisoner, Hope Cottage, Mill-street, Lambeth, and, on seeing him, he asked if he was going to return his money and bill? He replied that he could not do so then, but should in a fortnight; he then gave him into custody.

In reply to the questions of Mr. Henry, the witness said he had made inquiries at 43, Moorgate-street, about the prisoner, and was told there that he had merely occupied an apartment there, and had nothing whatever to do with the railway company there, though he wrote his letters upon the paper belonging to the company, and having this description in copper-plate at the top. He (witness) himself had called at the Stamp Office, and examined the register, but could find no such railways as those mentioned by the prisoner on the list.

William Grant, who described himself as a clerk to Mr. Roching, a solicitor, said he had made inquiries about the prisoner, and found that in fact he was a regular railway stag, and the prisoner it appeared carried on an extensive business in the bill-drawing and accepting way.

The prisoner, in reply to the charge, said his name was Benjamin Brown, and that he was in the service of Mr. Aguila, who had formerly been a Spanish merchant, but was now a civil engineer and projector of railways. His offices were at 94, Cheapside, 4, Charlotte-street, Mansion House-street, and 43, Moorgate-street, the latter being the principal office; and prisoner was employed to carry messages to and from the directors. By business he was a carpenter and builder, but had not done anything at his trade for some time. He had kept the saloon at the Adelphi Theatre three years ago, and paid as much as £300 a year for it. He had previously lived at 35, Duke-street, Adelphi, of which house he had a lease, and afterwards bought and sold furniture at 319, Strand. The prisoner mentioned the names of several railway projectors, to whom he said he had been well known, and concluded by declaring he had not told the prosecutor nor his witness that the railways projected by him were registered, but merely said he was about to register them.—The prisoner was remanded till Monday.

On that day he was again examined, when some confirmatory evidence was given, and the case was remanded to a future day, Mr. Henry intimating that he should commit for the obtaining of money by false pretences.

At the close of the proceedings a showily-dressed young man presented himself as a volunteer witness, handing in his card, inscribed Mr. Francis Aguila. He stated that the prisoner Brown had been employed by his brother merely as a "railway inquirer"—that is a person who inquired into the position of persons applying for allotments. Witness said, with an air of importance, that he himself pursued the same pursuit. It turned out that he had a short time ago belonged to the metropolitan police.

On Wednesday the prisoner Brown was again examined. Some correspondence and other evidence were adduced, but there was nothing material in either.

Mr. Games asked the prosecutor if anything particular took place on the occasion of his paying the prisoner £50, at No. 43, Moorgate-street?—Prosecutor: Yes; the prisoner, while he was telling the fifty sovereigns on the desk, requested I would not make a noise.

Mr. Games: He seemed afraid that the other projectors of railroad schemes in the adjoining rooms would hear the pleasing sound of the gold?—Prosecutor: He seemed so.

Mr. Games: Did anything else happen about the room door?—Prosecutor: Yes; the prisoner took the key out of the door, and shut the small hall door softly, before I began to pay him the money.

Mr. Henry: And all this did not excite your suspicion?—Prosecutor: No, sir, unfortunately it did not.

Mr. Henry said he should commit the prisoner to take his trial for receiving the money under false pretences.

THE DASHING SWINDLER KELLY.—This individual, who, under the name of Captain Kelly, has swindled vast numbers of persons, was re-examined at MARBLEBONE office, last Monday. An account of his previous examination appeared in our paper last week. On Monday the following additional evidence was adduced:—Mrs. Oakley stated that she was a widow, and that one day in August last, and while the prisoner was her lodger, she missed a gold watch from a trunk in her room, and was therefore much alarmed. The prisoner coming down stairs soon after the discovery of her loss, said to her, "You look very pale; what's the matter?" She then told him she had lost her husband's watch. He then went away, and finding next morning that he had not returned, she went into his room, when she missed the razor she had lent him.—Mr. Driscoll, pawnbroker, Lower-John-street, Golden-square, produced the gold case of a watch pledged by the prisoner on the 4th of September last, for £3, in the name of John Wilson, 8, Boyle-street; shortly after the pawning he (the prisoner) came again to the shop, stating that he had lost the ticket, and upon his applying to witness for a declaration to that effect, a printed form was handed to him.—Sergeant Gray produced the said declaration, which he found amongst other property at the prisoner's apartment in Boyle-street.—Mrs. Oakley identified the case as being her's, and said that the watch or which it formed a part had been in her family upwards of forty years.—Prisoner: I know nothing about the watch.—He had before denied having stolen the razor, and asserted that the spoon which he took by mistake was pledged by the female without his authority.—Mr. Bardell, a wine and spirit merchant at Chatham, said that some time ago the prisoner and his so-called wife took of Mrs. Richardson, Gadshill, Kent, a furnished cottage for three years; the parties made their exit without paying any rent; and, on their departure, it was discovered that a great portion of the furniture had been broken up, probably for firewood, and the loss thus sustained was somewhat serious.—Another gentleman said that the prisoner had obtained from Messrs. Storr and Mortimer a quantity of plate and jewellery, which he took the earliest opportunity of pledging; the tickets of the greater part thereof were subsequently obtained from him.—The prisoner was fully committed for trial upon three charges; and, on his being taken to the cell, by Mitchell, the gaoler, he was saluted by a number of persons with "Now, Kelly, you're caught at last; good bye, we shall see you no more for at least ten years."

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

SUICIDE OF COLONEL GURWOOD.

An Inquest was held before F. H. Gell, Esq., Coroner for East Sussex, on Monday morning, at 120, King's-road, Brighton, to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of Colonel John Gurwood, who had terminated his existence on the previous Saturday, by cutting his throat with a razor. The unfortunate deceased was a Colonel on the unattached list. He was at the battle of Waterloo on the Staff of the Duke of Wellington; he likewise filled the post of Private Secretary to the Duke, and besides Deputy Constable of the Tower of London. Of late years he had been engaged in editing the "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," and it was to the relaxation caused by the termination of his editorial labours, that his death was attributed. The following witnesses were examined at the inquest:—

Sarah, the wife of George Collins, of 120, King's-road, lodging-house-keeper deposed that last Tuesday morning Colonel and Mrs. Gurwood and their three daughters came there to reside. They brought no servants, and witness waited upon them. On Saturday she waited on them at lunch at one o'clock; soon after this she went up to bring down the luncheon, when she saw Mrs. Gurwood dressed, as if she were going out for a walk. At a quarter past two o'clock a boy brought the newspaper, which witness took into the drawing-room. She stirred the fire, and was going down stairs, when she glanced into the dressing-room, where the Colonel and Mrs. Gurwood had slept the night before, in consequence of the violence of the wind, and thought she saw the Colonel's legs lying on the floor. She did not take much notice, however, as she understood the Colonel to be ill. She then resumed her work down-stairs, and afterwards mentioned what she had seen to her husband. It then occurred to her that she might have been mistaken, as on second thoughts she considered it very strange that a gentleman should be stretched along the floor. She accordingly went up, and coughed at the drawing-room door. No notice being taken, she went in and stirred the fire. She then coughed again, and finding that the Colonel did not speak, she pulled the door of the dressing-room open, and then saw him on the floor in a pool of blood, arising, as she supposed, from his having broken a blood-vessel. She had previously arranged with her husband that if everything was not right she would ring, and she now rang the bell accordingly, and her husband came up. They deliberated a few seconds as to what was best to be done, the result of which was that her husband ran out for Mr. E. J. Furner, a surgeon, residing in King's-road, who came in about five minutes afterwards.

Mr. E. J. Furner, surgeon, deposed that he was called on about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon by the husband of the last witness, who said that a gentleman was at his house very ill, he believed dying. Witness went immediately to the house, and was shown into the bedroom of a gentleman, who he was informed was Colonel Gurwood. The Colonel was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. On lifting him up, witness found a razor grasped in his right hand, and a wound on the left side of the throat, four inches long, and from an inch to an inch and a half deep. In his opinion this wound caused death, and he had no doubt that the death was instantaneous.

(Sir Henry Webster, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, residing at 44, Brunswick-square, Brighton, deposed that he had known Colonel Gurwood for thirty years. About a month since the witness heard that he was unwell. He accordingly visited him, and found him out of sorts, and recommended him to come to Brighton for a change. Witness heard from Colonel Gurwood's medical attendant that he was in a weak low way; and, with the sanction of that gentleman, suggested that the Colonel should come down to Brighton, and stay with him as long as he pleased. He came down accordingly, and remained with witness a few days. Witness and his family endeavoured to divert the Colonel's mind as much as possible by lively conversation, and getting him to walk as much as they could. After a few days, Mrs. Gurwood and his three daughters came down, and they took a lodgings in the King's-road.

Coroner: Did you form an opinion as to the state of his mind?—Witness: From his conversation upon politics, as well as on general subjects, I found that he was in a very weak and desponding way.

Can you assign any cause for it?—I have no doubt it was all caused by the relaxation of the nerves, in consequence of his great work, the "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," having been concluded. As long ago as a month I had seen a change in him.

Dr. George Hall, of the Old Steyne, Brighton, said he was called in some time since to attend Colonel Gurwood, and prescribed for him, after which he rallied, and got a little better. But lately he had fallen into a very desponding mood

indeed, and witness treated him accordingly, and had great hopes that he would get better. His despondency, however, returned, and he believed that such despondency was sufficient to cause temporary insanity in any one.

This being all the evidence, the Coroner summed up, and the jury returned a verdict "That the deceased destroyed himself while in a temporary state of insanity."

SUICIDE AND ATTEMPTED MURDERS THROUGH DESTITUTION.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Wakley, M.P., held an inquest at the Ben Jonson, Great Welfare-street, Drury-lane, upon the body of John Grainger, a blacksmith, aged 27, who committed suicide, and attempted to kill his wife and brother, under the following distressing circumstances:—

The Jury viewed the body of deceased, which lay at No. 9, Lincoln-court, in a room wretched in the extreme, and completely destitute of furniture.

Anne Grainger, the wife of deceased, quite a young woman, examined: The deceased, herself, and his brother, lived together. Her husband was out of work, and all they had to live upon was what his brother earned, which did not exceed 6s. a week. On the Saturday preceding his death they lay in bed all day, as they had nothing to eat. During that week he attempted thrice to cut her throat and his brother's while asleep. His brother leaped into the street out of the window to save his life. Her husband then endeavoured to hang himself. Last Christmas Eve he got a quarter day's work, for which he was paid two shillings. When he returned home he exclaimed, "All I have are two shillings, and I owe my rent. They will turn us out. What will become of you?" She endeavoured to comfort him, but in vain. About nine o'clock at night he took his brother with him to purchase, as he said, two ounces of salts, but would not let his brother go into the druggist's shop with him. He returned home in three minutes, and getting two cups he diluted the half of one package in each cup. He then said to witness, "I am going to take some salts; I have got an ounce for you, and an ounce for myself. It will do you good." He drank off his cup, and, fastening the door, seized her, threw her on the bed, holding in his hand an open razor, and exclaimed, "I am not going to leave you for any one after I die." She implored him to spare her life, and called for help, when he said, "If you cry out, I will dash your brains out." Witness at length released herself from his grasp, and succeeded in opening the door, and procuring assistance. He, however, pulled her back, and kissed her, after which he made an effort to snatch the remainder of the poison from the landlady, but she threw it into the fire. A doctor was sent for, but he was a corpse before his arrival. They were in the deepest poverty. The last article she pawned was her apron, for sixpence, and she had to borrow the dress in which she then appeared. The poor creature, during her evidence, was in a paroxysm of grief.

Coroner: Why did you not apply for relief to the parish? The law will not allow people to starve.

Rugby, the summoning officer, said, that if her husband had no work, or even half employment, the parish would have relieved him.

Richard Grainger, brother of deceased, was next examined, and confirmed the last witness's evidence. Although he was seventeen years of age, so stinted in his growth and so poverty-stricken was he, that he appeared to be not more than twelve years of age.

Deceased's landlady gave him, his wife, and brother, a most excellent character.

Verdict, "Insanity."

The Coroner and Jury raised a subscription towards the relief of the wretched woman and her brother-in-law.

DEATH.

THE CONVICTS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

The execution of the two criminals, Martha Browning and Samuel Quennell, who were convicted of murder at the last session of the Central Criminal Court, will take place on Monday next; the former at the usual spot in front of the gaol of Newgate, and the latter on the top of the Surrey county-gaol, at Horseshoe-lane. Within the last few days a petition has been sent to the Home Secretary by the relations of Quennell, praying for a commutation of the sentence on account of the state of his mind; but as there did not appear to be any evidence or facts to warrant the conclusion that his mind was affected, an answer was returned from the Home-office, stating that the case was of such a character as would not warrant any interference on the part of the authorities with the sentence of the law, and that it must, therefore, take its course. An application was also made on behalf of the other culprit, Martha Browning, by some members of the Society of Friends and others who are averse to the principle of capital punishment, and to which a similar answer was returned. Ever since this wretched young woman has unburdened her mind by making the confession which appeared last week, she has been much more resigned and composed; and in the course of some conversation she had with the chaplain, she has expressed an opinion that the spectacle of her being publicly executed would be calculated to have the effect of preventing others from committing a similar crime.

With regard to the other miserable criminal, Quennell, it appears that since his removal to Horseshoe-lane Gaol, he has continued to exhibit the same sullen demeanour that he evinced at the trial.

Owing to the alteration in the law, and the great diminution in the number of capital punishments, there has been for a good many years only one official executioner, who performs the office in all parts of the country. The authorities, considering that it would not be advisable for the two criminals to be executed together at the Old Bailey, made the alteration in the sentence to the effect that Quennell should be executed within the county where his offence was committed; and as it will be impossible for the executioner to get from Newgate, where he will have to remain until nine o'clock, which is the usual time for the infliction of the capital punishment at Horseshoe-lane, the hour for the execution of Quennell has been altered to ten o'clock.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON.—On Wednesday, an inquiry took place before William Carter, Esq., in the drawing-room of the residence of the Earl of Portarlington, in the Kennington-road, as to the death of that nobleman. The Jury having viewed the body, which was lying in an adjoining room, Miss S. Bury was examined, and stated that the deceased Earl had resided with her and her father for the last two years; his age was about sixty-three. On Sunday last he had been writing in the drawing-room, and observing a boy selling oranges in the street, he made a remark that he thought it ought not to be permitted. He appeared then in excellent health, and afterwards went to his bed-room to wash his hands. While there she thought she heard a gurgling noise, which induced her to go to the door, and he appeared to have fallen down as if in a fit. Mr. Nairne, the surgeon, was sent for, and came immediately, but he said he was quite dead.—Mr. Charles Nairne, of 8, China-terrace, Kennington, surgeon, deposed that about two o'clock on Sunday a very urgent message was sent to him to go to the deceased's residence, as he was in a fit. He did so immediately, but on his arrival found him dead. There was no external mark of violence, and nothing to indicate the cause of death. Witness had since made a *post mortem* examination in the presence of Mr. Wildbore and Mr. Parrett. On opening the chest he found the large vessels of the heart greatly ossified; the substance of the heart was quite healthy. There was congestion of the vessels of the brain, and considerable effusion of serum in the ventricles. The state of the heart and brain was quite sufficient to cause very sudden death. There were no signs of his lordship having taken anything.—The Jury returned immediately a verdict of "Died from natural causes."

THE YARMOUTH MURDER.—Yarham, the man who was apprehended in Gloucestershire, on suspicion of being the actual murderer, underwent a second private examination before the magistrates at Yarmouth on Tuesday, and was again remanded for a week. Yarham, it will be remembered, was admitted evidence for the Crown at the trial, and his apprehension raised a legal question whether a witness for the Crown could be afterwards prosecuted. According to the confession alleged by Mrs. Dick to have been subsequently made by Yarham that he was the man who committed the murder, the Attorney-General gave his opinion that Yarham might, under such circumstances, be tried for the crime. The chief evidence against him is the alleged confession, and the general impression in Yarmouth is that Mrs. Dick has invented or exaggerated. Yarham left his address at his father's when he went into Gloucestershire, and there was no difficulty in finding him.

THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE NORFOLK RAILWAY.—On Friday (last week) Mr. R. E. Clarke, Coroner for the borough of Thetford, held an inquest at the place for the investigation of the circumstances attending the death of Richard Pickering, the engine-driver, and William Hedger, the fireman, who were killed on Wednesday afternoon by the accident which occurred at Kilverstone, near Thetford (an account of which appeared in our paper last week). Several witnesses were examined, but there was no distinct proof as to the cause of the train going off the rails. As the guards with the train were too much injured to attend, the inquest was adjourned. The body of Hedger was shockingly bruised. One of his legs was torn from it, and broken in three places. The poor fellow died in great agony, begging the persons around him to deprive him of life in order to terminate his sufferings. The inquest was resumed on Tuesday, at Thetford. The evidence did not add anything material; but two witnesses who saw the train immediately before the accident said it was travelling at a much faster rate than usual. John Arwick, a farmer's bailiff, said he remarked that the fire was flying about in great quantities, and immediately after the engine jumped off the rail. William Goldman, the guard, maintained that the speed was not much, if any, greater than usual, and said it did not exceed forty miles an hour. The inquiry was again adjourned.

SERIOUS FIRE IN THE WALWORTH-ROAD.—On Wednesday night, shortly after ten o'clock, a fire, attended with a serious destruction of property, broke out upon the premises belonging to Mr. Hacker, a hat merchant, carrying on business at 30, Crosby-row, Walworth-road, within a short distance of Camberwell. Although the firemen exerted themselves to the utmost, they were unable to confine the conflagration extended first to the right and then to the left, setting the premises on either side in flames. By half-past twelve o'clock, however, they happily succeeded in getting the mastery over the flames. At that period the whole of Mr. Hacker's stock in trade was consumed; the valuable stock of Mr. Pickering, a parasol manufacturer, was reduced to ashes; his adjoining premises and stock of linendrapery, severely damaged; and the building and contents of Mr. Gunning's grocer, are very extensively injured by fire and water. The total damage is very considerable.

Coroner: Did you form an opinion as to the state of his mind?—Witness: From his conversation upon politics, as well as on general subjects, I found that he was in a very weak and desponding way.

Can you assign any cause for it?—I have no doubt it was all caused by the relaxation of the nerves, in consequence of his great work, the "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," having been concluded. As long ago as a month I had seen a change in him.

The GUN TRADE, BIRMINGHAM.—Not long since an order for 40,000 stand of arms was received in Birmingham, from Government, in consequence of which, and other orders of a similar character, the gun trade there is in a state of high prosperity. Most of the guns ordered, it is said, are to be put in store at the barracks at Weedon.

OUR MAGAZINE COLUMN FOR JANUARY.

EASY CHAIRS.

The immense popularity and cheapness of the easy chair, are more surprising perhaps than the variety of its models. In every respectable counting-house, bank-house, attorney's office, or, in fact, any place of sedentary employment among the middling classes, there the easy chair expands its swelling lap to soothe the toil of the balance-sheet. We do not yet find it in the mere stone-king's department, the clerk's office; but pursue the valuable client into the confidential room of the man of business; there, gathered in snug divan round the smooth-topped table, each with the well-lined and open portfolio spread before it, stand the chairs wherein the firm are wont to concert their speculations. Not the window pink of the blotting page; nor the square-hewn solidity of the cut-glass inkstands, garnished with their quivers full of the grey goose-quill; nor the portly bulk of the ledger itself, convey such a realization of golden dreams as the sleek contour of those well-stuffed concavities. Look at the contrast presented by an old-fashioned set of legal chambers. There the quaint, straight, black-leather arm-chair, with its oval back-board and row of coffin-looking nails, and the grease, ink, and dust of three or four practices begrimed it, looks like a precedent for the hard toils of Chancery suits. Piles of parchments, dirt-coloured without, but fair black and white within, lumber its seat; while the yard or two of red tape dangling across the arm, shows the stiff creases of a knot which the Courts of Chancery may have tied a century back. Peep into any of the "chambers" rooms, or "apartments," where Young England sits, pondering the sublime idea of a nation redeemed by its youth; will you not find him in shooting-jacket, slipper-boots, novel, cigar, and—easy chair? There is no place, perhaps, where ingenuity perplexes itself so luxuriantly in versatility of device in these chairs as at our Universities. Whether your friend be a fast or reading man he knows the value of an easy chair, the morning after a hunting supper party, or the evening after a hard day's Aristotle. If he be out when you call, there it stands with the anti-Macassar on its crown; the empty shooting-jacket reclining on its shoulder; the exhausted cigar-case on its seat; as good a souvenir altogether of his presence as any but a dun could desire.—*The Union Magazine*, No. 1.

THE NEW YEAR.

It is a very happy thing for us when the chimes of the new year have called us up into the steeple before many of them have been rung in. It is always a delightful reflection to feel that we may shape our future conduct by our past. When, at all events, we are enabled to start with some capital, an occasional run by temptation or folly will not break us. We have still something to fall back on—still possess some specie in the cellar. "All my amusements are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called on." This was the condition of Chesterfield—old, angry, and deaf—in his hermitage at Blackheath. He had gold, indeed, in the cellar, but it was of a base currency, and without the legal superscription. Bacon had not one good coin in his pocket when he made the despicable and desperate appeal to James I., *Si tu desieris, perimus*. How much happier the education given by Henry Sidney to his son! "Bless you, my sweet boy! Perse, perse, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself." And surely it would be a noble and an inspiring sight to behold the Grecian story of piety and affection thus transferred to a different country, and fulfilled in a different object; to see the time that is gone continually brought back to cherish, to strengthen, and to support the time that is come; to feel the wasted virtue of our manhood invigorated by the life-giving current of our youth, the decrepitude and exhaustion of the parent refreshed by the glowing bosom of the child. Thus, in a higher sense than even the poetic eye fore-saw in its rapture and prophecy, may the child become the father of the man.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE ARTIST.

It would be as superfluous, as it is impossible, to point out how every period and condition of human life, furnishes its measure to the enjoyment of the artist: how



TRIESTE.—THE HARBOUR.

TRIESTE.

Trieste, the chief town of the Austrian Littora, or coast-land of Illyria, and the most flourishing town in the Austrian dominions, has lately been brought into notice by Lieut. Waghorn having achieved his more rapid conveyance of the Overland Mail by this route. It may, therefore, be reasonably inferred that when the arrangements are completed, Trieste will become a place of much greater importance and interest to the English than hitherto.

The town, once a Roman colony (Tergeste), lies at the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic, at the bottom of a gulf named after the town. It owes its prosperity to the Emperor Charles VI, who, in 1719, made it a *free port*, and to Maria Theresa, who fostered it with her patronage. Its population, at that time, was about 4000: it has gradually increased to upwards of 60,000 (75,551 in 1839); it has completely supplanted Venice, and it may be said to engross the entire trade of the Adriatic. It is, indeed, to Southern, what Hamburg is to Northern Germany, and is daily advancing in trade, wealth, and population.

The harbour is formed by a pier (*Molo*) of solid masonry, 60 feet wide, stretching from the extremity of the town, along a reef of half-sunken rocks, about 2200 feet into the sea. At its extremity is a lighthouse. There is not space within it for more than 40 or 50 vessels of large tonnage. The *Mole* is a pleasant walk.

The town is divided into old and new; the former occupies the slope of a hill, which is surmounted by the Castle, near which is the Cathedral of San Giusto, in the round or Byzantine style; the interior richly gilt with mosaics. Winklemann, the antiquary, is buried in

the adjoining cemetery; he was murdered in an inn here, by an Italian, whose cupidity he had excited by showing the gold medal he had received at Vienna as a reward for his learned researches; the assassin, having failed in an attempt to strangle him, despatched him with a knife.

Between the old and new town runs the *Corso*, the principal thoroughfare, including the best shops and *cafés*, and communicating with two squares, *Piazza Grande* and *Börsenplatz*.

The new town consists of broad streets, of handsome white houses, and occupies the level space near the harbour. A broad canal runs up from the water through a quarter of the town, and by means of it vessels of large burthen can be unloaded almost at the merchant's doors. At its extremity stands the modern church of St. Antony, built in 1830. The Exchange, the finest building in Trieste, stands in the centre of the *Börsenplatz*. There are two theatres. Outside of the town, on the seashore, is the New Lazaretto, one of the largest and best arranged in Europe. It has a separate harbour, in which 60 vessels can perform quarantine at once: it contains lodgings for 200 persons, and is surrounded by a wall 24 feet high.

The inhabitants of Trieste are a motley race, derived from all parts of the world; some of the richest merchants are Greeks, Jews, and English. Among the town's people may be found Germans, Americans, Italians, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, &c.; the sailors and fishermen near the quays are chiefly Dalmatians. The original inhabitants are Italians; the country-people who frequent the markets Slavonians of Illyrian origin. The Italian is the prevailing language, and is used in the courts of justice; but all the other tongues are spoken: in the public offices German is used; by the peasantry a Slavonian dialect. The

streets of Trieste were formerly remarkable for the variety and strangeness of the costume which they presented; but these are fast disappearing, owing to the quantity of British goods poured into the free port. The Greeks are very numerous here, and some of the wealthiest merchants are of this nation. The houses of Carciotti, whose sole property, when he first landed at Trieste, consisted of a bag of cotton, which he had improved into a princely fortune before he died, leaving a palace extending to three streets—those of Griot and Chiozza, are the most splendid private buildings in the town. The Greeks have two fine churches here, in which their service is performed with great splendour. The Greek Church at the end of the great canal is the handsomest religious edifice here. The English settled here are numerous enough to have a chapel for their own church service, in the Contrada del Fontanone, which is attended by about 140 persons, including sailors. Service begins at ten. The British Consul-General to the Austrian States resides here."—*Murray's Hand-Book of Northern Germany*.

Consuls of almost every nation in Europe reside at Trieste: it has 19 banks and insurance companies, 1000 merchants, and 700 brokers. Its commerce was much increased by the commercial treaty concluded with Greece in 1835, and by the new institution of the Austrian *Lloyd's*, which is supported by the Government. The number of ships engaged in the commerce of Trieste is great: of large merchantmen there are about 1500 arrivals, of all nations, and the number of arrivals of coasting vessels is not less than 8000. Several steamers ply between Trieste and Venice, and the Austrian *Lloyd's* has a regular communication by steamers with Greece and Egypt. The harbour is defended by a strong battery on the New *Mole*.

Trieste is a seaport for a very large tract of country, the south of Germany, the Illyrian and part of the Slavonian provinces; in short, for the whole of the Austrian territories from the Tyrol to Transylvania. Among the exports are the productions of the mines of Idria, those of Hungary, linens, tobacco, and woollens from different parts of the Austrian dominions, and printed calicoes from Switzerland. The imports are cotton from Egypt; hides, raisins, silks, rice, and oil from the Levant; wheat from Odessa; and all kinds of tropical and colonial produce from the West Indies and Brazil. Ship-building is carried on to a great extent, and the ship-builders of Trieste are so much esteemed for their skill, that designs for vessels of various kinds are sent as models to many foreign parts.

After the treaty of Vienna in 1809, Trieste, with its territory, was annexed by Napoleon to Illyria. In 1814, it returned to the dominion of Austria; and in 1818 received the title of "Città Fedelissima."

Our Illustrations represent the Harbour, a View in the Environs, and the immense Hotel on the Quay.

WILL OF THE LATE MRS. JAFFRAY.—The late Mrs. Jaffray, the widow of Captain Jaffray, late of the East India Company's service, has left personal property amounting to nearly £60,000. She made her will about a fortnight before her death, bequeathing her property as follows:—To Mr. McCabe, physician, Hastings, £2000; to her man servant, £2000; to two female servants, £1000 each; to her god-daughter, Blanche, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Cox, £2000; to his widow, £500; and his son, £500; to Mrs. H. M. Orme, £500; and to the testatrix's nephew, Henry N. Nugent, of the Hon. East India Company's Medical service, £200. The residue, between £40,000 and £50,000, she leaves to her executors, Mr. Francis Smith, banker, and Mr. Eli West Stubbs, chemist, both of Hastings, for their own absolute use. The will is dated Nov. 11, 1845.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday evening, a party of the tradesmen of the village of Hendon, Middlesex, met at the Greyhound Inn, pursuant to annual custom, to partake of the hospitality of the landlord; on which occasion Mr. Charlesley, an independent inhabitant, presided; and having helped the company, he was about to take some refreshment himself, when he suddenly left the room, and in a few minutes was a corpse. He has left a widow and six children to lament his loss. He was very jocular, and appeared to be in the best of health.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PRINT WORKS AT WIGTON.—On Wednesday (last week), the extensive calico print-works at Wigton, belonging to the firm of Messrs. Halliley and Co., and which formed, in fact, the only description of manufacture carried on in the place, took fire, and in the course of a few hours were almost totally destroyed. The works were carried on in two or more separate buildings, the two principal being connected with wooden gangways. The total loss has not yet been ascertained, but the destruction has certainly been very great. The premises, machinery, and goods were insured in the Sun Fire Office. Almost all the printing machines, with their engraved copper rollers, which are very costly, have been destroyed, or rendered totally unfit for service. The fire first broke out in a machine-room in a western portion of the building, but its origin is as yet unknown. No one, it is stated, had been working in that room after dusk; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the fire was other than accidental. These print-works were old established, and afforded employment to nearly 200 persons, many of whom have, of course, families dependent upon them for support; and some idea of the loss which the tradesmen of the town must suffer may be estimated from the fact that about £200 was weekly expended in wages. It is one of the greatest calamities that ever befel Wigton. The most melancholy part of the affair, perhaps, is the number of people dependent upon their daily labour for support, whom the accident must necessarily throw out of employment at this inclement season of the year.



TRIESTE.—THE ENVIRONS.



TRIESTE.—THE HOTEL.

THE RIVER PLATE.

A Correspondent, on board H.M.S. *Gorgon*, has favoured us with the annexed spirited Sketch of the English and French ships of war before the town of Colonia, situated on the north bank of the River Plate, and nearly opposite Buenos Ayres. The view shows the combined squadron, with the respective positions of the vessels after their capture of the town.

The latest accounts from the Plate come down to the 29th of October; when everything remained nearly in the same state as by previous advices. The *Chargés d'Affaires* of the United States and of Portugal at Buenos Ayres, had protested against the blockade.

The combined squadrons had, it appears, prohibited even neutral vessels of war from anchoring in the inner roads at Buenos Ayres. A Brazilian corvette having come to there, was ordered into the outer roads, but the Captain refused to do so, and immediately proceeded to Monte Video to apprise his Commander-in-Chief of the occurrence, which caused some little sensation there and at Rio.

The Message of President Oribe to the Legislative Chambers of the Oriental Republic has been received. The occasion of its delivery was the re-assembling of the Legal Chambers for the first time since their dispersion in 1838. The document is lengthy: it advertises in good set terms to "the scandalous intervention of the French agents" in the above year, and glances at the President's emigration to Buenos Ayres.

We pass over a great deal of intermediate matter, and come to the following remarks on the present state of affairs in the Oriental Republic:—

"The Government, as was natural, refused decidedly to obey the dictation of the English and French Ministers, and resolved to sustain, at all risks, the independence of the nation against any foreign power. The blockade of the port of Buceo has taken place in consequence, and will, no doubt, be followed by that of the other ports of the Republic; but, honourable senators and representatives, the Government repeats to you that it is resolved to defend the rights and independence of the country to the last extreme, not to yield one atom of what belongs to its dignity, and to maintain itself in spite of whatever consequences may arise to the State from its firm determination either to perish or assure its political existence."

"The Ministers of England and France announced a mission of peace, and are giving rise to a bloody and desolating war, with the independence of the Republic constantly in their mouths. They are blockading our ports for not humbling ourselves before their nod. They may give their own colouring to these acts in Europe, but here it is well known that the legal President has with him the whole nation; that he is only its mouthpiece; and that the obstructions offered to his measures are therefore attacks upon it. They profess great solicitude for the interests of humanity and commerce, whilst they are notoriously sacrificing both now, and preparing for them a future still more fearful."

"An apprehension is affected less the Argentine Government, which acts only in virtue of a natural alliance, and in accordance with the law of nations, should have some views upon the independence of the Oriental State, and this, in spite of the solemn denials of that Government, and in spite of its known determination to abstain from any interference in its internal administration; and yet, while affecting this, the English and French Cabinets, their diplomatic envoys, their naval commanders, without any cause, or right, or direct interest, think themselves entitled to interfere in every thing—to exact, to blockade, to attack the independence of both Republics—and the Admirals go so far as to say, they will take the rebels under their protection, and defend them by all the means in their power."

"This, hon. gentlemen, proves that they wish to exercise a despotic dominion

over these countries, which it is our duty to resist at every hazard, whatever be the mask under which it is hidden. The Government is resolved to do so, and doubts not that, supported by your patriotic decision, it will succeed in so glorious an object."

(Signed)

"MANUEL ORIBE."

THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A WHIG MINISTRY.—Mr. Macaulay has written a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, from which it clearly appears that the cause of the non-formation of a Whig Ministry was the determination of Lord Grey not to belong to a Cabinet of which Lord Palmerston formed a part. Mr. Macaulay, in his letter, says—"All our plans were frustrated by Lord Grey. I hope that the public interests will not suffer. Sir Robert Peel must now undertake the settlement of the question. It is certain that he can settle it. It is by no means certain that we could have done so. For we shall to a man support him; and a large proportion of those who are not in office would have refused to support us. On my own share in these transactions I reflect with unmixed satisfaction. From the first, I told Lord John that I stipulated for one thing only—total and immediate repeal of the Corn-laws; that my objections to gradual abolition were insurmountable; and that if he declared for total and immediate repeal, I would be, as to all other matters, absolutely in his hands; that I would take any office or no office, just as suited him best; and that he never should be disturbed by any personal pretensions or jealousies on my part. If everybody else had acted thus, there would now have been a Liberal Ministry. However, as I said, perhaps it best as it is. I do not think that, if we had formed a Government, we should have entertained the question of paying the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland. I cannot answer for others; but I should have thought it positive insanity to stir the matter."

CLERKS' CHRISTMAS FUND.—On the day before Christmas-day, Mr. Kirby, who is, we understand, one of the principal clerks in Messrs. Jones Loyd and Co.'s banking house, received a note signed S. J. Loyd, enclosing a draft. The following is a copy of the note:—"Dear Mr. Kirby—The enclosed draft for £1000 I request you will place to the credit of the Clerks' Christmas Fund. At the close of the first year since my accession to the head of this concern, I am desirous of offering to those through whose assistance I have been enabled to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, some substantial proof of my sense of those services and of the interest which I feel in all that concerns their comfort and happiness. The year now closing has been marked by some circumstances of an accidental and temporary character, which have tended to throw an unusual degree of labour and trouble on the clerical department of the office. Of the readiness with which this difficulty has been met and overcome, I am very sensible, and for this, as well as for the uniform zeal and integrity with which the general duties of the office are discharged, I beg that the clerks will accept my grateful acknowledgments, and that you and they will believe me to be the faithful friend of you all.—S. J. Loyd—Lothbury, Dec. 24, 1845." Comment is unnecessary upon such a communication.

ROUSTAN, THE MAMELUKE OF NAPOLEON.

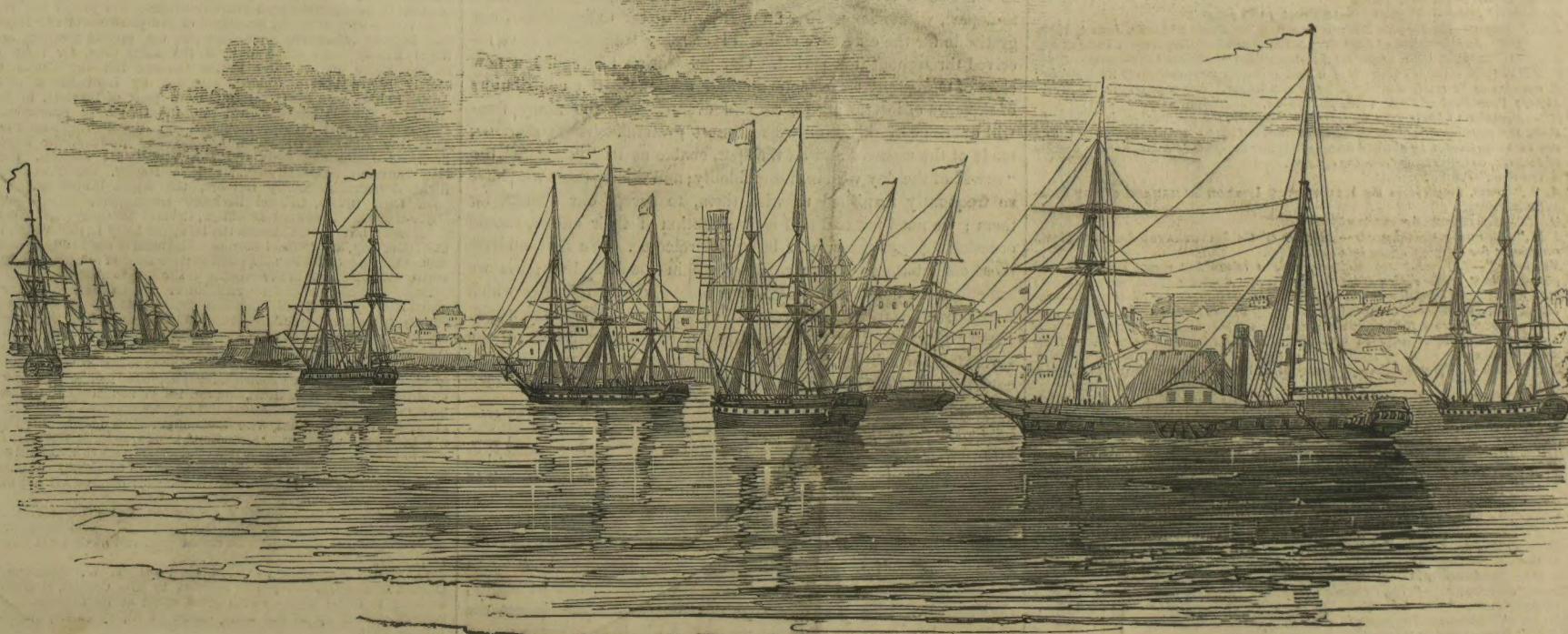
Another name which belongs to history has just departed; it does not owe so much, perhaps, to Clio, as to the muse, if there be one who presides over the recording of events by painting; in this respect, the name of Roustan, the Mameluke, is eminently historical. Who has not seen him amid that group of brilliant warriors of the staff always gathered round the Emperor in all the paintings of his battles—the same at Eylau as at Austerlitz. His turban and fur-trimmed robe were too tempting to an artist, puzzled by uniformity of costume, to be omitted; and whether in the battle field or not, he is always

found in the painting of it: he was picturesque, and thus the pencil has handed him down to posterity. But writers have neglected him; and, with an Eastern indifference to literature, he has done nothing for himself. The hair-dresser of Maria Antoinette wrote *mémoires* of his life and times; we have *souvenirs* innumerable by valets, and cooks, and footmen—by all the little men who have lived dependent on the great ones. We have searched through a whole library of such works, but Roustan has disdained to tell us what Napoleon seemed to him.

For once the mountain has escaped measurement by the scale of inches; perhaps familiarity had made it nothing remarkable, and he thought of Napoleon merely as Roustan's master, not the world's! He served him faithfully, and deemed that enough; the world will easily pardon the bad book the less which it might have had but for his forbearing to gossip of the much he must have seen, and the little he could comprehend. But, from the same cause, little or nothing is known of his own personal history, save that, for many years, he was, in good fortune and bad, a favoured attendant of the Emperor, till his fall and exile. Even the French journals, for whom the associations of his name might have some interest, record his death in two brief lines. The munificence of his master had placed him in easy circumstances, and he had for years retired on an income of more than £200 a year, derived from the sale of gifts and presents; he had long resided at Dourdan (Seine-et-Oise), where he died on Sunday, the 7th ult. Our authorities do not say at what age, but he must have been advanced in years.



NAPOLEON'S MAMELUKE.



ENGLISH AND FRENCH SQUADRON OFF COLONIA, PLATE RIVER.

MAGNIFICENT PERIODICAL PRESENTS
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS TO THE
ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS.
GRAND PICTURE EXHIBITIONS
OF THE
PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are, at the commencement of a New Year, again enabled to make one of those joyous announcements to our readers, which are ever sources of pleasure to ourselves in the proportion in which their fulfilment tends to the profit and enjoyment of the Public, "for whom we live"—or, at least, of that portion of it with whom we are in weekly and friendly communion.

The perfect honesty of principle and purpose with which this Journal has continued its career, has maintained for it the undeviating confidence of those who placed reliance upon its early promise, and have had no reason to regret their trust. This is our boast; and it will be seen that we uphold our right to it.

It was in this spirit that—destined little to profit, but much to please—we prepared those magnificent commemorations of our early patronage, and afterwards confirmed prosperity—the GRAND VIEW OF LONDON—and superb PANORAMA OF THE THAMES—presented, at fitting intervals, to our readers.

It is in the same spirit that now—with foot firm in the stirrup—gratitude inspiring, and confidence insured—we announce our intention to present our readers with Noble Presents, in appropriate form, and with the best genius and illustration that modern art can afford, and without a thought of expense.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE.

It is not more our determination that their production shall surprise all who receive them, than that the faithful Illustrations themselves shall become so many records and monuments of what the good-will and hearty friendship of the public enabled the first Illustrated Newspaper in the Nineteenth Century to achieve. Edinburgh and Dublin put forth their sister claims with London; and we may well aspire to reflect on a grand scale, the Chiefest Cities of Europe, when not Europe, nor any territory short of the whole known world, is able to affix a limit to our circulation.

The minute details of our plan, in presenting these Magnificent Pictures to our Subscribers, will be immediately placed at their disposal. For the present, we are glad to believe that there is not one of them who will not feel confidence and pleasure in its plain ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Number of our Journal, with the Presentation Print, price 6d. No extra charge will be made. The first Print, a VIEW OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, will be presented early in the present year.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 4.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
MONDAY, 5.—Duke of York died, 1827.
TUESDAY, 6.—The Epiphany, instituted in 813, to commemorate the manifestation of the Infant Saviour to the wise men of the East—Old Christmas Day—Dividends paid.
WEDNESDAY, 7.—Princess Charlotte of Wales born, 1796.
THURSDAY, 8.—St. Lucian.
FRIDAY, 9.—Cape of Good Hope taken, 1800.
SATURDAY, 10.—Royal Exchange burnt, 1838.

HIGH WATER AT London-bridge, for the Week ending January 10.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.						
8. m. 7 23	8. m. 7 56	8. m. 8 28	8. m. 9 3	8. m. 9 37	8. m. 10 13	8. m. 10 52	8. m. 11 31	8. m. 0 0	8. m. 0 4	8. m. 0 32	8. m. 0 58

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"N. L." Bristol.—Caustic is an effectual, though troublesome, remedy for warts: the juice of the common spurge plant, and the bark of the willow-tree burnt to ashes, are also popular applications.
"Smithfield Club Cattle Show."—Mr. Bramwell requests us to state that he executed the working drawings, and superintended the construction of the iron roof, of the new building; but that Mr. W. Boulnois was the architect.
"J. C." Bedford-square.—Declined.
"O. S. H."—The cholera first appeared in England in 1831: we have not the return of deaths in Bristol.
"M. C. S. E." Worcester, is thanked for the hint.
"N. Z."—The Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand is George Gray, Esq.
"A. B. C."—Dr. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons a few years since, quoted and approved of a passage from "Bakewell's Geology," in which it is stated that the coal-beds in South Wales are alone sufficient to supply the whole demand of England with coal for 2000 years.
"The Last Ripening Sunbeam."—It appears that this beautiful work of art, by Lance, was not sold at Lansdowne Tower, as we stated; but is now in the possession of a gentleman at Liverpool, who purchased it for sixty-five guineas, at the close of the last exhibition at the British Institution. Mr. Beckford's picture was, therefore, some other fruit-piece painted by Lance. "C. H." of Manchester, is thanked for the correction.
"Politico."—We have not at hand the Election Returns of the present Parliament, for quotation of the Bury post.
"Railways."—In our Journal of Nov. 8, it is stated that the steam-engine was first adopted on the Darlington Railway in 1820; whereas Mr. Parkin, of Leeds, informs us that the Birkenshaw engine started in the year 1816, to convey coals from the Middleton Collieries to Leeds.
"Madeleine," Dover.—We regret that the poetry will not suit.
"J. H."—The Reform Bill was passed by the House of Lords, June 4, 1832, in the administration of Earl Grey. The Municipal Corporation Reform Bill was passed Sept. 7, 1835, under the Administration of Viscount Melbourne.
"P. C." Belast.—Gutta Percha is of a pale yellowish or rather dirty white colour: it appears to be really a modification of caoutchouc. See a paper in the forthcoming Year-Book of Facts, 1846, pp. 72—74.
"B."—Mercator's Charts were invented by Mercator, the geographer, in 1566. In them, the meridians and parallels of latitude cut each other at right angles, and are both represented by straight lines, which has the effect of enlarging the degrees of latitude, as they recede from the equator.
"A Templar."—Not at present.
"R. G."—Leves, may obtain the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK of any bookseller in Leves.
"M. H."—The Stanza for music will not suit.
"J. H."—St. Paul's Chuchyard.—No. 118 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS contains a fine Portrait of the late Dr. Dalton.
"Nauseator."—To prevent Sea Sickness pass a broad belt round the body, and place within it, on the region of the stomach, a pad stuffed with wool or horse-hair; this, when tightly braced, will restrain the involuntary motion of the stomach, occasioned by the lurching of the vessel. There may be purchased at a medicine vendor's an emulsion for the above purpose; but the frequent use of any seasickness preventive is attended with danger. "Monk Lewis" died through its immoderate use.
"Silex." Bath.—Belgian window-glass may be purchased of any dealer in English glass.
"Amicus." Brighton.—Study, hard reading, and close observation, will aid a political aspirant, who when duly qualified, should try his hand in a contribution to one of the public journals.
"Quæstor."—Arbroath.—Some kind of structure across the Thames at London is said to have existed A.D. 978. A bridge was built of wood 1017. The late old London Bridge was commenced about 1176.
"A Subscriber."—The population of London, by the late Census, was 1,950,921; of Liverpool, 286,487; or about one-seventh of that of the metropolis.
"Vincent."—Address Mr. Buckstone, Thores Royal Haymarket.
"D. N."—Manchester.—The heaviest part of the suburbs of London is Hampstead. Hampstead is, however, much recommended to persons in delicate health.
"A. O. C. R."—The population of Ireland, at the last Census, was 8,175,124. Who is Mrs. Sunderland?
"D. D."—Dorchester.—"The Prisoner at the Bar" implies a person arraigned in a Court of Justice for trial.
"E. C."—Tower-street, is thanked.

"Cantab." is thanked: the statement as to the "Lunar Rainbow" was corrected by two Correspondents in our Journal of last week.
"G. A. H. D."—Chapman's Coffee-house, should procure Spackman's Analysis of Railways, just published by Longman and Co.
"A. Subcriber from May 14, 1842."—Instructions for painting the sides of a Magic Lantern will be found in "The Boy's Book of Sports," lately published.
"L. Z. A. X."—Orris root is a sweetener of the breath. Or, rinse out the mouth with a little clean water, to which a few drops of solution of chloride of lime, or chloride of soda, has been added.
"C. T." Hoxton.—We have not room.
"Curious."—Freemasonry is affirmed, by masons, to have existed "ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms." It is traced by some to the building of Solomon's Temple. Its introduction into England has been fixed at A.D. 674; though much earlier by other authorities.
"J. D."—There are two methods of measuring vessels for tonnage—the old and the new. By the old measure, the extreme length is taken from a line dropped from the fore side of the stem, and measured along the rabbet of the keel, (not the bottom of it), to the after side of the stern-post: any rake in the stern-post, be it much or little, is not measured, and the breadth is taken in the broadest part (exclusive of mouldings). Thus, a vessel measuring 39 ft. 11 in. between the perpendiculars, (i.e. measured as above), by 11 ft. 11 in. beam, would be 24 58-94 tons. The same vessel, if measured by the new method, would measure less, or more, according to the form of her; for if rated by the new measure, it is what she will actually carry, —which is ascertained by a series of admiral measurements internally.
"Two Subscribers."—In Ireland it is not essential to a Marriage in the Established Church, that there should be either the license of the Consistorial or Diocesan Court, or any publication of the banns, provided a certificate is obtained from the Registrar of the District in which is the Church where the ceremony is to take place: this certificate may be obtained from the Registrar after a notice to him of 21 days from one of the parties who has resided seven days in his District. On production of the certificate, the Clergyman is bound to marry forthwith. The parties may, however, be married in the Registrar's Office in Ireland, by his license, after seven days from the notice given to him. A special license from the Primate or his officers may be had without delay, and a license from a Surrogate, after a seven days' notice from one of the parties who has resided seven days in the parish mentioned in the notice.

"A. M."—When the affidavit of his debt, and his belief of the debtor being bankrupt, and the bond conditional to prove this, are delivered by the petitioning creditor at the Bankrupt Office, an entry is made in a book called the Docket Book, and the creditor is then said to have "struck a docket" against the trader.—The last Civil War in this country may be said to have been the invasion of Prince Charles Edward into England in 1746, which war was terminated by the retreat, and the defeat at Culloden in the same year.

"J. B."—Charles Nicholson, the celebrated Flute Player, died March 27th, 1837, in the 43rd year of his age.

"L. M. D."—We do not recommend the studying of music without a master; but if our Correspondent be bent on its acquirement, let him apply to Whittaker and Co., who publish Herbert Rodwell's Instructions.

"A. Thomas."—The Concertina is certainly well received in the musical world.

"Tersichore."—Waltz is the English and accurate mode of pronunciation, but the affected at Almack's and elsewhere pronounce the word Vale, or Vahze.

"Junius."—The 3rd and 4th of Wil iam IV, c. 27, s. 2, enacts that, after the 31st of December, 1833, no person shall make an entry or distress, or bring an action to recover any land or rent, but within twenty years next after the time at which the right to make such entry or distress, or to bring such action, shall have first accrued to some person through whom he claims; or, if such right shall not have accrued to any person through whom he claims, then within twenty years next after the time at which the right to make such entry or distress, or to bring such action, shall have first accrued to the person making or bringing the same. See also sects. 15 and 16 of the same act, and the 1st of Victoria, c. 28. "Junius" can easily apply this law to the circumstances of his own case. The purchaser's attorney has a right to look at the conveyance; indeed, the vendor is bound to furnish the purchaser with every facility of knowing whether there is a good title or not.

"A Member of the South Herts Yeomanry Cavalry."—Yes; he is clearly exempt from serving personally, or from providing a substitute in the militia, while he belongs to a corps of yeomanry. This is pursuant to the 44th of George III, c. 54, s. 4.

"A. D. M."—Not one farthing of the £5 goes to the poor girl whose arm was broken; but the whole sum belongs to the county rate. By having the case adjudicated before a magistrate, she also precludes herself from proceeding any further at law, either for damages or to punish the offender, provided the policeman pays the fine.

"R. M." Limerick, is thanked.

"A Subcriber"—Lord R. Percy Cross, Fulham.

"J. R." Bowness, wishes to ascertain how the Cameo of Tiberius Claudius, found by Bonaparte, was set?

"A. P. F." Cheltenham.—A small work on Anatomy applied to Art is published by Highley and Son, Fleet-street.

"Amicus" Salisbury.—Apply to W. H. Carpenter, Esq., Print Department, British Museum.

"Alpha."—The wages of an engine-driver is about 18s. per week.

"Scots."—See the Key to our large View of London in 1845.

"A. Sufferer." Chelsea.—We do not comprehend our Correspondent's grievance.

"J. W."—The office of the Waterloo Bridge Company is at 8, Beaufort-buildings, Strand.

"A. Novice."—Ten per cent. must be deposited before application can be made to Parliament for a Railway Bill. Should the Act not be obtained, no further call can be made.

"Pro Bono Publico."—We have not room for the paper on the late Steam-boiler Explosion at Bolton.

"A. L." Wasing, is thanked for the Sketch.

"O. H. W." should apply to an Army Agent.

"J. R. T." Wreath.—Declined.

"O. J." Angel Ian.—Mr. James Brougham was first returned to Parliament in 1826.

"A. Z." should state the entire case to a Solicitor.

"An Old Subcriber." Carrick-on-Shannon.—The Patentees of the Revolving Window-Shutters are Messrs. Bennett and Corpe, 26, Lombard-street.

"Miss M." communication is an advertisement.

"A Railway Victim."—As the Company alluded to by our Correspondent does not appear in our list, we think that the plans were not deposited at the Board of Trade.

"A Constant Reader."—We avoid giving opinions respecting Public Companies.

"S. D."—Both the stocks mentioned by our Correspondent are in good repute.

"X. Y. Z."—Not being fully acquainted with the arrangements upon which the annuities are based, we do not feel competent to give an opinion.

"An Enquirer."—Yes, the demand can be made, but there is no power to compel the Company to give the information required.

"A Subcriber."—A broker in London must have a license from the Corporation.

"Augustus."—The duty upon Corn is arranged from the average prices of six weeks.

We have received an early copy of Captain Fremont's Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, and California—an important and well-timed work, which we intend to notice next week.

INELIGIBLE.—Lines to E. W. M.

** With our next Number will be presented, gratis, A SUPPLEMENT, containing the Title-page and Indexes to Vol. VII. of our Journal; with a Chronology of the last Six Months.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

In this season of acknowledgments, we cannot suffer the Old Year to depart, without recording an open and direct expression of our gratitude for the extensive and still increasing support we have received throughout that period. Our publication has called a new class of newspaper correspondents into existence—the contributors of sketches of interesting places and events. For the many free-will offerings of this kind we feel most grateful. These sketches, made at the moment and on the spot, enable us to "illustrate" the "news" of the day with extreme fidelity; and we beg those who have so frequently furnished us with them, to accept our thanks for them; we need not add that a continuation of their efforts, should occasion suggest them, will be most welcome. We first address those contributors who are resident within the kingdom; but we are still more bound to acknowledge the voluntary offerings which have been forwarded to us from the most distant parts of the world. From "China to Peru," there is not a climate or region of the earth, from which we have not received these useful and cheering contributions. Their utility is obvious: they are cheering, inasmuch as they prove the widely-spread interest excited by our enterprise—for in the great majority of cases, the contributors were wholly unknown to us. We have thus received sketches of strange scenery, of strange people and costumes, of events on land and sea, and of incidents of battle and wreck, which, without the aid of the pencil and sketch-book employed on the spot, would have left no graven record after them. Often have these sketches exhibited great artistic excellence; but it may encourage some, timid, perhaps, from the consciousness of not having reached a certain point of ability, that perfect finish we do not require; the faithful sketch, not the elaborated picture, is what is wanted. Fidelity, exactness, and

authenticity of detail, are the great essentials. It is always pleasing to receive these favours, and those to whom we owe them may rest assured they are both appreciated and remembered.

THE foreign intelligence is interesting—at least to politicians, though for the mass of mankind it presents no striking incident. The Chambers of France and Spain have been opened by the respective Monarchs with all due ceremonial; and about the same time we are apprised of the opening of the Legislature of the Sandwich Islands, in the account of which solemnity, the forms and language of European Courts being closely adhered to, there is a rich air of burlesque most appropriate to the season of pantomime. Ministers of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs, are there; all the dignitaries of our Royalties are reproduced in the bosom of the distant seas; the "gracious Speech from the Throne" is an exact copy of others nearer home; and is a credit to the state of civilization these distant regions have attained. If we may judge from its context, the interests of the community will not suffer in the hands of the successor of King Tamehama.

With much more cause, the Royal Addresses of our European neighbours are not so grandiloquent. The King of the French is not enabled to record the capture or death of Abd-el-Kader—an event so earnestly desired, the state of things in Algeria becoming more and more embarrassing. The French do not seem to consider the war with the Arabs any war at all—since the King felicitates the Chambers on the preservation of "general peace." Certainly, the repose of Europe has not been disturbed; and it is pleasing to see the fact so dwelt on, as well as the good feeling existing between Louis Philippe and our own gracious Queen. Long may it continue! and we wish we could think it extended in the same degree to the mass of the people in both countries. In the preliminary and formal proceedings of the French Chamber, which are made a kind of trial of strength between the Ministry and the Opposition, M. Guizot has been successful, and the political campaign of the Session has commenced rather auspiciously.

The Spanish Cortes have also been formally called to the exercise of their annual functions; but, for some time to come, individual will and energy are likely to have more influence on public affairs than constitutional forms. The casting out of the many vices with which the Spanish Government is infected, can only be done by the strong hand; and a strong hand seems to have been found to do it. The great want of the Spanish people for the last generation has been a leader, a man of head to take the command. Narvaez is such a man, though somewhat rough and coarse in manners; his determination is unquestionable, and the power to act was the thing wanted.

CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.—Our announcement respecting Lord Ellenborough is completely confirmed. His Lordship will return to office as First Lord of the Admiralty. The Duke of Buccleuch is to succeed the late Lord Wharncliffe, as President of the Council. Lord Haddington has accepted the Privy Seal, in the room of the Duke of Buccleuch. The Earl of St. Germans has succeeded Lord Lonsdale, as Postmaster-General.

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE ROYAL BOUNTY TO THE POOR OF WINDSOR.

WINDSOR, Thursday Evening. Her Majesty's new year's gifts to the poor and needy families residing within the borough, were distributed this morning in the New Riding School, at the Royal Mews. In the centre of the Riding School was a table, between fifty and sixty feet in length, upon which were displayed the numerous joints of beef, weighing about fifteen cwt., ornamented with holly and evergreens. The blankets for distribution were ranged upon long tables along the north and south sides of the building, and either end were tables upon which were displayed half a ton of plum-pudding, and a ton weight of bread in two and four pound loaves.

Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert (who were present to be spectators of the gratifying scene) arrived at the Riding-school shortly after nine o'clock, and took their stations in the Queen's Gallery, at the eastern end of the building. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Lady Peel, &c. Amongst those who were also present were the Viscountess Jocelyn, Lady Fanny Howard, the Baroness de Speth, the Hon. Miss Devereux, the Hon. Miss Napier, Sir George and Lady Cowper, Colonel Drummond, Mr. G. E. and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, Lord Rivers, the Hon. and Rev. C. L. Courtney, &c.

The recipients of the Royal bounty, to the number of between 700 and 800, entered the western door of the Riding-school, passing along the centre of the building, and leaving at the opposite door, beneath the Queen's Gallery. The objects of the Royal bounty,

POSTSCRIPT.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The following is an official list of the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, as it is at present constituted:—

Sir Robert Peel, First Lord of the Treasury.
 Sir J. R. G. Graham, Secretary of State for the Home Department.
 Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor.
 The Duke of Buccleuch, Lord President of the Council.
 The Duke of Wellington, Commander in Chief.
 The Earl of Aberdeen, Secretary for Foreign Affairs.
 The Earl of Haddington, Lord Privy Seal.
 The Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Control.
 The Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 Lord Villiers Somerset, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
 Earl Lincoln, First Commissioner of Land Revenues.
 The Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, Secretary at War.
 The following are the new members of the Cabinet:—
 The Earl of Dalhousie, President of the Board of Trade.
 The Earl of Ellenborough, First Lord of the Admiralty.
 The Earl of St. Germain, Postmaster-General.
 The Right Hon. W. Gladstone, Secretary for the Colonies.

COURT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—Her Majesty will hold a Court at Windsor Castle, at half-past two o'clock to-day, when the Addresses of the Corporations of London and Dublin on the subject of the Corn-laws will be presented.

COLONEL REID AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.—Colonel Reid, M.P., has just addressed a letter to his constituents at Windsor, in which he states, on the subject of his having retired on half-pay from the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 2nd Life Guards, that he has relinquished his military command because he feels that, in these critical times, (when constituents have a right to expect from their representatives the closest and most watchful attention to the legislative duties which they have undertaken), it would be difficult for him to discharge the two important functions with equal care and assiduity. Colonel Reid further states that in thus severing himself from the distinguished regiment in which he has served nearly eight-and-twenty years, and to which he is naturally most deeply attached, he offers to his constituents the best proof of the sincerity of his intention to devote his energies, earnestly and exclusively, to the protection and furtherance of their political and local interests.

THE LATE COL. GURWOOD.—The mortal remains of the late Col. Gurwood have been removed for interment, from Brighton, to the Tower, where his obsequies will take place. The appointment of Lt.-Governor of the Tower, which has become vacant by his demise, is in the gift of the Duke of Wellington.

DEATH OF SIR EDWARD DODSWORTH, BART.—We have to notice the demise of Sir Edward Dodsworth, Bart., which took place on Wednesday, at Thornton Hall, his seat, near Bedale, Yorkshire. Having died without issue the baronetcy and estates of Thornton Hall and Newland Park devolve to his brother, Mr. Charles Dodsworth, now Sir Charles, born in 1775, and married in 1808 to Miss Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. John Armstrong, of Lisgold, and granddaughter of the late Lord Blayney.

DEATH OF DR. MOLLER, THE CONCHOLOGIST.—Accounts have been received of the death of this gentleman, well known for his work on the *Mollusca of Greenland*—a work which at once established him as one of the most promising malacologists of his time. Shortly after finishing his studies, two years ago, he was appointed Governor of East Greenland, and had just returned from that inhospitable climate to his native country, when he formed the intention of visiting England for the purpose of making himself personally acquainted with our conchologists and their collections, and was to have arrived by the end of last month; but he died, after a few days' severe illness, at Rome. He had sent a nearly complete collection of the shells he had described to the British Museum, shortly after the publication of his work.

THE NAVAL RETIREMENT.—The number of captains of the Royal Navy who have volunteered to retire under the offer of the 1st of August last having amounted to no more than 267, and the number required to make the measure of retirement effectual being 300, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty cannot accept of the list for retirement as it now stands; but the whole subject is still under consideration.

A MAN CUT IN TWO ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—A 'shocking' accident occurred on the London and Brighton Railway on Monday evening, by which a railway labourer, named Henry Constable, an aged man, was completely cut asunder. The unfortunate man, it appears, had been drinking pretty freely with another at the Roebuck, Tinsley-green; and when they left the public-house, the night being dark, the landlady lent them a lantern. They both got on the line, just as the express train was coming down, and Constable's companion cleared the train, but Constable himself was knocked down, and the wheels went over his body, completely severing it. The engine-driver fancied that he felt a slight obstruction, but, supposing it to be a sheep, he did not examine the train till he reached Brighton. He then looked at the wheels, when he found part of a man's hat in the gear, and observed the pocket and waistband of a pair of trousers, with a half-crown piece in the pocket, adhering to the tender. The body of Constable, which was found in a dreadfully mutilated state, was put into a wheelbarrow, and wheeled into the adjoining county.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTH OF ENGLAND LINE.—On Thursday morning a very serious accident occurred upon the above line. The train left York a little before ten o'clock, A.M., and on arriving at the Thirsk station, it was detained some minutes, in consequence of the overturning of an experimental train which had preceded it. For some days engineers have been working experimental lines on the Great North of England line, and on that portion between Thirsk and Northallerton more particularly, to test the actual amount of speed that could be attained. On Thursday a new engine was brought out, drawing carriages weighted to 70 tons, and at half-past nine o'clock, away went the train like an arrow, reached Thirsk station in safety, when the speed was increased to the greatest momentum, and when about 400 yards beyond the station, a gentleman who was standing on the bridge observed a violent oscillating motion, which increased every yard, until the engine was fairly rocked over, thrown upon her broad side against a slight cutting, upon which some of the carriages were thrown, and all more or less damaged. One of the solid beams had seemingly been shivered with as much ease as one might break a reed; the front wheels of another had been carried away, and her buffers tilted up and driven through the side of another. The shock had been fearful, and yet the engineers, most providentially, escaped injury; one man only, the poor fireman, was thrown on his head upon the opposite rails, and so seriously injured, that he was not expected to survive very long.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE NORFOLK RAILWAY.—On Wednesday morning Major-General Pasley, the Government Inspector-General of Railways, arrived at Thetford to institute his official inquiry respecting the late overturning of an engine and train on the Norfolk Railway, whereby the engineer and stoker lost their lives, in order to frame his report of the catastrophe for the guidance of the Board of Trade.—On his reaching the station of Thetford, he immediately proceeded to that part of the line where the accident happened—which passes through Kilveston Valley—attended by Mr. Duff, the chairman of the Company; Mr. Till, the secretary; Mr. Marshall, the locomotive superintendent; and Mr. Merritt, the contractor for the permanent way—and commenced the investigation by inquiring into the state of the road where the engine went off. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Merritt conducted him about two hundred and fifty feet from where the engine was lying to the broken chair, and then pointed out the exact point, which was twenty-two feet distant. The course of the engine was then minutely described to him. He took a note of these facts, as also the appearance of the rails which had been torn up, and which laid on the side of the line. The engine formed the next subject of his inquiry. The principal witnesses, Coldman, the guard who had charge of the train, Tedder, the second one, as also the plate-layers, were in attendance to be examined by the General. He, however, did not take their statements. It was expected that General Pasley would have gone on to Norwich, where the shattered carriages of the train had been taken, as it is his general practice to inspect the effect of an accident, if possible. An important engagement in the north of England, it was understood, prevented him, and he left for London about five o'clock. He did not give any opinion as to the cause of the accident. Since the inquest, the bodies of the men have been interred at Ely. They were married, and Hedger's widow had only been confined a day or two prior to his dreadful fate.

THE ACCIDENT FROM THE BURSTING OF A WATER TANK AT LIVERPOOL.—In great part of our impression last week, we gave an account of the bursting of a tank at the Harrington Water-works, in Rock-street, Liverpool, on Christmas-day, which caused the death of five persons, and injured several others. On Wednesday an inquest was held on Mary Ann Smith, Sarah Eliza Smith, Catherine Gibson, John Devaney, and Catherine Gibson, the five persons killed.—Mr. Jameson appeared on the part of the Corporation; Mr. Stanstreet on that of the Harrington Company; and Mr. Miller on that of the Hawarden Company. Five witnesses were examined to prove the finding of the bodies and the cause of the deaths. We subjoin such portion of the additional evidence as will be of general interest.—Thomas Thompson sworn: I am manager and chief clerk, to the Liverpool and Harrington Water Company. During the summer of 1844, the directors of the company resolved upon having a tank made capable of containing 200,000 gallons of water, for their station in Water-street. The object of the company in having so large a tank was to have an abundant supply of water in case of fire, so that the mains might be filled at a moment's notice, and to supply the shipping at that end of the town. The Hawarden Company had previously done a great deal of work for the Harrington Company, and always very satisfactorily. The tender of the Hawarden Company was accepted. Mr. Stanstreet put in the contract which was entered into between the two Companies.—Witness.—Mr. Howell, who is the manager of the Hawarden Works, submitted a plan of a tank, which was adopted by the Harrington Company. Plates composing the tank were brought over to our yard at various periods when they were ready, and they were put together under the direction of Mr. Howell and his clerk, Mr. Maine. The tank was completed and ready for use about six weeks or two months ago, and the reason it was not immediately used was because Mr. Howell had to make some service and other pipes not connected with the contract, which prevented it from being ready for use until Christmas-day. Mr. Maine waited upon me on Christmas-eve, about eight o'clock, and said all was now quite right, and he requested me to attend at the yard the following morning at nine o'clock to see it filled, and also to see what an excellent job they had made of it. I was prevented from attending at the yard of the company the following morning, and did not hear of the accident until half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. One of our own workmen informed me of it. There was no roof to the cistern. I proceeded to the premises, and there saw the houses in Rock-street demolished, and both sides of the tank gone. I had my own opinion as to the cause of the accident, but it was a mere opinion. By Mr. Miller.—The tank had

and that foundation fixed the situation. The length, breadth, and depth of the tank, showed the quantity of water it was to contain. Christmas-day is a sort of half-holiday at our works. Witnesses were then examined, who corroborated the account we have already given, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

DETERMINED SUICIDE.—On Thursday evening an inquest was held at the Pickled Egg, before Mr. Wakley, M.P., on the body of Mr. John Cundale, of the firm of Cundale and Morgan, Italian warehousemen, 42, Amwell-street, Pentonville. On Tuesday last, the inhabitants of Holford-square were greatly alarmed by the sound of a pistol-shot. Marryat, police-constable 31 G, being on duty, and hearing the report, ran to the house, 34, in the square, whence it proceeded. On entering the first floor front room, he was shocked at the spectacle which lay before him. The floor and one of the windows were besmeared with blood; the upper part of the head was quite blown off, and the skull emptied of its contents. The inquest was adjourned.

SUICIDE OF A YOUTH AT SCHOOL.—Late on Wednesday, Mr. Wakley, M.P., Coroner, held an inquest at the Six Bells, Hammersmith, on the body of Mr. George Hampton Trenchard, aged nineteen years, who committed suicide by prussic acid on the night of Sunday last.—Mr. William Simpson deposed that he lived at Bradmore House, Hammersmith, and was a surgeon. Deceased was witness' pupil, and was nineteen years of age. He was a member of a highly respectable family. Deceased was found dead by witness on the night of Sunday last, about half-past eleven o'clock, in the greenhouse, at the bottom of witness' garden.—After a lengthened inquiry, the Coroner briefly summed up the evidence, remarking on the unusually distressing and painful circumstances of the case; and the Jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict—"That the deceased destroyed himself by taking prussic acid while in an unsound state of mind."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—Owing to the boisterous weather, the Paris papers of Wednesday did not reach us till a late hour yesterday afternoon. It appears from them, that the Conservative party has triumphed in all the ballots. The Opposition have thus been thoroughly defeated in their determined attempts to embarrass the Ministry. The *Journal des Débats*, advertizing to these successes, says:—"Thus, the success of the Conservative party is complete. The Opposition has been beaten in all the ballots, and by such a majority as we could scarcely have hoped for. With all our desire to be modest, we can no longer conceal its defeat; and, what is most unfortunate for the Opposition is, that it can now find no pretext for palliating this defeat. It is not merely the right or left wing, or the centre, that is engaged: the entire *corps d'armée* has been in action. It was impossible to begin the campaign more disastrously, and nearly all the journals of the Opposition have had the honesty to confess it. The *Journal of M. Thiers (the Constitutionnel)* is the only one that does not despair, and that seeks to delude itself as to this unhappy début. It appeals from the secret ballot on persons to the discussion on things by open ballot. In the present state of affairs we experience no pain in leaving to this journal the possession of these philosophical consolations. The victory obtained by the Ministry had a considerable effect on the Bourse. Funds rose, and railway shares followed the upward movement. Count Roy has been appointed President of the Committee on the Address in the Chamber of Peers. The adjudication of the Creil and St. Quentin Railway has been confirmed by a Royal Ordinance. The *Débats* of Wednesday states that the new Ambassador from Morocco has been received by Louis Philippe, to whom he made a speech, which was answered by his Majesty. For the benefit of our country friends, it may be as well to state that the Ambassador's name is Sid-el-Hadj Abd-el-Kader Ben Mohammed Achache.

HOLLAND.—A letter from the Hague, of the 26th ultimo, contains the following:—"We have lately had great changes at Court. One of the King's *aides-de-camp* and two of the Queen's Chamberlains have been dismissed. The *aide-de-camp* is Admiral Arriens, who was tutor to Prince Henry, the King's third son, who is now a full Captain. The King is said to have been highly dissatisfied with the manner in which he has brought up this young Prince, whose cavalier manners show that he has been neglected, and too much indulged. It is also rumoured that Admiral Arriens had laid claim to the office of the Minister of Marine, but, in disregard of this, it was given to Admiral Ryk; upon which Admiral Arriens so far forgot himself as to suffer discontent to result in expressions personally irreverent towards the King. The disgrace of Baron de Mackay, the Queen's Chamberlain, arose in the following manner:—At the inauguration of the statue of William the Taciturn, the Queen and Princesses viewed the ceremony from the balcony of the Palace. A slight rain came on, and the Queen requested the Baron, who was behind her, to procure her an umbrella. According to Court etiquette, it was the Baron's duty to go himself, bring the umbrella, open it, and hold it over her Majesty's head. The Chamberlain, however, ordered a lacquey to do what he himself ought to have done. The Queen said nothing at the time, but very shortly after the ceremony Baron de Mackay received his discharge from office. The third dismissal is that of M. Nan Brienen, jun., the other Queen's Chamberlain, and who is indebted for it to his having, while with the Court, at its last visit to Luxembourg, appeared at the Court entertainments without his official costume and insignia."

RAILWAY LEVELLING SUPERSEDED.—An invention has been put forth by Mr. Ezra Coleman, which, if it be capable of performing what it pretends to, will open a new era in the railway system. It is a contrivance for ascending and descending inclined planes with the locomotive engine, and the inventor asserts that by means of it a locomotive train may ascend or descend 400 feet in a mile, or 1 foot in 13, with perfect facility and safety, taking up or down any load that the engine is capable of drawing on a level, at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The invention consists of a central rail, or course of blocks, upon which are placed a series of friction rollers turning horizontally, with sufficient space between them for the thread of a spiral or endless screw on a drum of large dimensions, which is placed in the direction of the rails, under the engine, and to which motion is given from the driving wheels, by means of bevelled tugs. Besides this central rail there is on the inclined plane an inner track of rails raised a few inches higher than the outer rail; and the locomotive engine has an inner pair of wheels of smaller diameter, which lift the outer wheels off the main track and bring the whole power of the engine upon the endless screw. The novelty of the invention consists in the principle of working the thread of the endless screw between the friction rollers as a substitute for the female screw, and the extra track of rails to bring it into action. It is stated that the cost of the apparatus will not exceed £10,000, in addition to the expense of constructing lines on the ordinary levels, whereas some of the tunnels have cost £167,000 a mile, and the greater part of the heavy cuttings and embankments will be rendered unnecessary.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

Proud Nature, mother of the New-born YEAR,
 To WINTER brings her youngest charge of love,
 And, for his dawn of brighter seasons here,
 With a stern trustful fervour points above.
 "Not ever," so the full oracular tone
 Swelleth her prophet voice—"not ever so
 Shall the strong infant nestle near thy throne,
 Old hoary monarch of the realm of snow!

"They home is but one of the tombs of Time,
 And he shall soar above it on the wing,
 That bears him from his cradle to his prime,
 When youth and lusty manhood crown him king.
 First the SPRING's glory dawns on his young eyes,
 Next SUMMER's heat boils high his fiery blood,
 Then AUTUMN glads him with her harvest skies,
 And bathes his wearying limbs in Plenty's flood.

"Thus far I am his Herald on with Time
 Life's seed—Life's growth—Life's harvest shall he see,
 Then freezing downward to the colder clime
 He must return—oh Winter King—to thee.
 Back to the dreary regions of thy nest
 Old and decrepit shall this fledgeling fly,
 I give him now the Cradle of thy breast
 Thou watcher of his birth shall see him die."

Silent the Mother's voice—but still her hand
 Is upward pointing to the realms of light,
 Where HEALTH and PEACE and PLENTY form a band
 To woo the Cherub on his early flight.

SPRING with her dainty blossoms and her dew,
 With bow of HEALTH and Kisses in her quiver,

SUMMER—sweet goddess of the skies of blue
 With her soft dove that coos of PEACE for ever.

AUTUMN—the girded CERES of the year—
 With gleaner's sickle, and with reaper's sheaf,
 Making the Crop in PLENTY's lap more dear,
 Because it faideth with the falling leaf.

Like three fair hopes these kindling graces shine
 On the young vision of the New Year's birth,

Making his promised future seem divine
 In the glad Palace of the glorious Earth.

Health, Peace, and Plenty—well, if these we greet,

The New Year's merry harbingers of joy,

Well may we ring the peal and spread the treat,

To crown the coming of the lusty boy.

For US—we love his laugh of loudly mirth,

And still shall hold his sprightly advent dear,

While we may wish our Readers, on his Birth,

Health, Peace, and Plenty, with a glad NEW YEAR

A GOSSIP OF '45 AND '46.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

While we write, old 1845 is drawing towards his last breath. He has had a stirring life of it, since he opened his young eyes on the bloodshed of Tahiti, till now that he is closing them on the stir and turmoil of rival parties in England. His last days have not been happy. He leaves a stormy time for his heir—lusty young 1846. The Old Year is

glad to be out of it. His dying ears were appalled with talk of failing crops and famine. But all his concern with time is passing away. Let his heir settle it as he best can. All the Years, whose portraits hang in the gallery of history, have left ample lessons for their successors. There never was such a family for perpetuating the good that has come to them. Not a valuable principle, not a great truth, that any of them ever got hold of that he let slip. All has been transmitted—except the evil.

Some of the Years have held that, too, hard, for some generations, mistaking the paste for the diamond; but sooner or later some one of them, putting this and that together, has discovered the blunder and cracked the counterfeit to the ash-hole of oblivion, there to be raked for by industrious worshippers of the past, scratching and groping amidst the leavings of antiquity, in hopes of discovering stray valuables, and continually mistaking pewter spoons for silver. Taking them as we find them, from the time that the first of the name stepped from chaos into the primal world, they are a wonderful family, the Years. We should reverence them. They have stored up their experiences for us; every one of the long line has written his memoirs; every one carries in his head the collected wisdom of his ancestors, and offers it to us if we will but take it of him.

Old '45 has had a tolerable time of it. He has seen the Income-tax renewed, and breathed the prayer, "Esto Perpetua," for he was decidedly in favour of direct taxation; and young '46 will, we doubt not, carry out the principle. He has grieved over devout Oxford Divines becoming heterodox by sheer excess of orthodoxy, and has pooh-poohed the British Lion when he growled over the Maynooth Grant. He shuddered at the massacre of the Dahra, and charged upon his children, to the remotest time, not to forget it, but to see Colonel Pelissier well required if he did not live to see it. He got into a passion with Brother Jonathan, when, like his god-father, Jonathan Wilde, he stole Texas from Mexico, and asked her, at the same time, what she meant by her impudence in complaining of it. He was with the Queen and her Consort when she visited the rosery of Rosenau, and grew so fond of her, he then waxing old, and somewhat weak in his affection, that he bequeathed I don't know how many legacies and blessings, and has left it in trust to his son to see them realised for her. And he has seen the League grow from a great fact to a mighty power, and has seen a small cloud rising out of the sea of the future, betokening storm and struggle between opposing forces—how he sighed to think they had not studied his family history to more profit. He had so much in his collections that bore upon the point; saw so much in which both were so strangely wrong, and yet could be so soon set right had they but known how to interpret the volumes of his library, which has been in the course of collection ever since Time began, and which contains all truth and knowledge. In fact, Old '45 has seen more than most years, if we may measure things by their consequences.

But the Years are a line of Kings. Their succession fails not: they never die. "The King is dead—Long live the King." '45 is departed—Huzzah for '46.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;—

A jollier year we shall not see:

But though his eyes are waxing dim,

And though his foes speak ill of him,

He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die;

We do so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,

But all his merry quips are o'er.



THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM HARVEY



HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Considerable interest was excited in the dramatic world when it was announced that Miss Cushman, the American tragic actress, was about to appear at this theatre as *Romeo*, and, accordingly, on Monday evening, a very large audience assembled to witness the attempt. Miss Cushman, our readers may remember, was engaged last season at the Princess' Theatre, and created a great sensation by her performance of some of our leading heroines in tragedy. She was there triumphantly successful, and equally so in a series of provincial engagements, which she subsequently fulfilled in our principal towns, and, if we mistake not, in Ireland. The highest encomiums were passed upon her acting by the entire press, both in London and the country; and she was pronounced at once to be the finest actress that had appeared on our boards for many years. Hence the greatest curiosity was manifested to see her in her novel essay. It is an unusual thing to find a female bold enough to undertake the part of the hero of one of Shakspeare's tragedies. We believe Miss Ellen Tree (now Mrs. Charles Kean) appeared as *Romeo* a few years since. But Miss Cushman had given such evidence of her power and intensity, that there was little doubt of her success; which was, in a word, most decided. We have never seen the character better played. Her energy and passion, coupled with an extraordinary assumption of manly character and bearing, was almost marvellous. In her bursts of anger, or despair, we altogether lost sight of the woman: every feminine characteristic was entirely thrown aside in her powerful interpretation of the rôle. Her singular resemblance, at the same time, to Mr. Macready, must have struck everybody in the house; even to his attitudes and inflections of voice. But it was not a copy: we can conceive that Miss Cushman acted in the same manner even before she had seen that gentleman: the likeness is natural and physical: in addition, she has sufficient genius to rely upon her own perceptions, instead of following the results of another's. The applause throughout was genuine and most enthusiastic. A sister of the lady, Miss Susan Cushman, appeared on the same evening as *Juliet*. She is a clever actress, of considerably more average abilities, but lacks the intensity of her sister. Her figure is commanding, and her face handsome; her declamation, too, evidenced education and intelligence; but there was nothing very remarkable in her delineation of the heroine—indeed, many actresses now on our boards could play *Juliet* in a manner immeasurably superior. The prestige of her sister's name was, however, greatly in her favour; and the audience being most kindly disposed towards her, she could not complain of any lack of applause. Indeed, at the end of the tragedy the cheering was loud and general, and the two sisters appeared to receive the hearty approbation of the crowded house. Mrs. Glover was an admirable *Nurse*; Mr. Stuart a respectable *Friar Lawrence*, albeit somewhat too mournful; and Mr. Buckstone comical enough as *Peter*. We cannot say much in favour of Mr. Holl's *Mercutio*. The character was evidently out of his line, and, in his hands, degenerated to a farce Captain. Where was Mr. Hudson? We conceive that he would have been a far more efficient representative.

The general getting up of the tragedy does not reflect much credit on the management. We never look for anything remarkable in the way of scenery at the Haymarket; but on the present occasion it was atrociously bad. And a dance in the ball scene was so inelegant, that it first brought down a shower of hisses, and then a burst of ironical laughter. For the dreary attempt it was, it was very funny.

The "Cricket on the Hearth" is advertised for production on Tuesday next. The cast comprises Messrs. Farren, Webster, Buckstone, Tilbury, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Julia Bennett, and Mrs. W. Clifford.

MISS KELLY.

To-night, the Amateurs, who so lately distinguished themselves by their enactment of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," will perform for the benefit of Miss Kelly, at her little theatre, in Dean-street, Soho. The play will be Beaumont and Fletcher's "Elder Brother;" and the farce, "Comfortable Lodgings."

We have availed ourselves of this opportunity to introduce to our readers a portrait of the clever *beneficiaire*. Miss Kelly, if our theatrical memory serve rightly, appeared at Drury Lane some forty years since in the very interesting farce of "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." Her next great success was as *Ophelia*; a better representative of that Shaksperian creation has never appeared on the stage.

After this, Miss Kelly joined the Lyceum Company, where she remained until the destruction of the theatre by fire. Among her triumphs at that popular establishment, her intense personation of *The Sergeant's Wife* will not soon be forgotten by the play-goers of our time: as a deep and powerful melo-dramatic performance, it has scarcely been equalled. In an opposite vein was her *Betty Finikin* (in the farce of "Gretna Green"), which sent home many an audience aching with laughter.

Miss Kelly's next performance was, altogether, in another line. Possessing a highly sensitive mind, she became dissatisfied at the treatment experienced from managers; and, accordingly, Miss Kelly opened, *per se*, that little band-box, the Strand Theatre, with a mono-dramatic performance, entitled *Mrs. Partisan At Home*. Here her versatile genius had its long range: now melting her audience into tears at some pathetically told anecdote; then convulsing them with her exquisite personation of fine farce. We cannot, at this moment, settle the precise year of Miss Kelly's first appearance on the stage; but that she played the *Prince* to Mrs. Siddons's *Constance*, in "King John," is kept in our recollection by one of the anecdotes in her monologue above mentioned. The trait was related to prove that some actors *feel their art*; for, after each performance, Miss Kelly's shirt-collar was wet with the tears of *Constance*, or, rather, of the impassioned Mrs. Siddons.

Frances Maria Kelly, the daughter of Mr. Mark Kelly, was born at Brighton, Dec. 15, 1790. She was articled to Michael Kelly, her uncle, under whom she studied music and singing. In 1800, she was one of the chorus-singers at Old Drury-Lane Theatre, and also played a few little parts that her age and stature



MISS KELLY.

enabled her to assume. From this period she commenced studying the theory of her profession; was a diligent attendant at the theatres, and a great admirer of Mrs. Jordan's acting. In 1807, she appeared at Glasgow; and in 1808, at the Haymarket Theatre, but with trifling success. In 1810, she joined the Drury-Lane Company, then at the Lyceum, with better success. In 1811, her performance in "M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking," drew a warm eulogium from the poet Moore. She next joined the Drury-Lane Company, at the new theatre; and shortly after had a pistol fired at her by one of the audience (a lunatic), whilst she was performing in "Modern Antiques." At Drury-Lane, however, Miss Kelly scarcely attained so prominent a position as that which she subsequently filled at the English Opera House.



MISS CUSHMAN AS "ROMEO," AND MISS SUSAN CUSHMAN AS "JULIET," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.
FROM THE FRENCH.

To prevent any misconception on the readers' part, we will tell them at once, that our hero, except in his piteous fate, had nothing in common with the hero of Pharsalia. On the contrary, he was a quiet, worthy creature, free from any taint of ambition; and would not have shed a single tear of jealousy, had he seen a dozen statues of Alexander of Macedon. He passed a guiltless and tranquil existence, scrupulously fulfilling the duties and practising the virtues besetting his social position.

The ancestors of Cesar had for many generations served the noble house of Bazouge Kerhoat, one of the most ancient, exalted, and powerful in Brittany—the only Seigneurs, indeed, who could at all enter into comparison with M. de Bazouge in any of these respects, were those of Rieux and Rohan.

You might have sought about a very long time, before you found so fine a dog as Cesar; for Cesar was a dog. His portrait at full length, which adorns the dining hall of the Château de Kerhoat, attests that he was a magnificent fellow, tall, broad-chested, firm, erect, and stately; one that would receive an attack with the firmness of a rock, or rush upon his enemy with the resistless impetuosity of the ocean wave. His coat was white, with chesnut spots; and though his nose was that of a mastiff, he had fine long ears, and soft, silky, curly hair falling from his back in glossy richness. He had at once the look of the wolfhound, the mastiff, and the spaniel; but we are not sufficiently versed in canine physiology to pronounce of what particular breed he was an ornament. Around his neck glittered a slight brass collar, stamped with the arms of Bazouge, from which depended a small silver medal bearing the initials H. B., to indicate that Cesar belonged, in especial property, to Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge.

In the year 1793, Cesar was three years old.

At this period, the fine Château de Kerhoat no longer presented that aspect of life and happiness which but lately gladdened the hearts of its many guests in those joyous days, when M. de Bazouge kept open house during the session of the States of Brittany. Standing three leagues from Rennes, on the borders of the great forest of the same name, the noble Château, on all these occasions, became the home of a large portion of the grandes who attended the sessions from the more distant parts of the province. Every evening the vast saloons were crowded with a gay and glittering throng. Thousands of rich crystals in the magnificent chandeliers cast their gorgeous rays over the elaborate carvings of the ceiling and the wainscoted walls, over the splendid but now sombre frames of the family portraits, and over the glowing colours, so learnedly blended, of the armorial bearings. Then came the elegant suppers, whereat some cavalier just returned from Paris would recount the strange things that were passing there, and the gentlemen grew pale with anger, and the ladies were all astonishment that there should be a woman so lovely as Marie Antoinette, a man so ugly and yet so fascinating as M. de Mirabeau. After

supper came the ball—the anti-revolutionary ball—with its dances so grave, so graceful, so gallant; so prince-like, so regal; so simple, yet so dignified; so characteristic a memory of the noble manners of the days of chivalry.

But now, the crystals no longer glittered; the vast corridors were no longer crowded with gallant cavaliers, sweeping the floors with their white feathers and jewelled hats, as they handed along the ladies of their love; they and their fair dames were all gone. The festival and the dance no longer sent forth their joyous sounds; the halls were deserted and silent; the splendour all extinct; and if, in the silence of night, a light shone upon the austere faces of the old Seigneurs of Kerhoat on the dark canvas, it was a pale ray of the moon making its way furtively between the dusty fringes and the heavy curtains. Yet the Château itself remained just the same as ever, with its four high and massive towers rising proudly from the four corners, guarding, like sleepless sentinels, the symmetrical proportions of the main edifice. There still remained the immense range of stabling on the one side; and on the other, the offices, vast enough to lodge at their ease, a whole army of domestics. But the offices were altogether deserted; and in the vast solitude of the stables two horses shivered by themselves. An evil genius had hovered, with black wings, over Kerhoat, turning its joys into sorrow, its splendour and its power, into nothingness.

Within the last two years, the present head of the house of Bazouge, an old man of eighty winters, had lost his four eldest sons—two of them on the Revolutionary scaffold—two of them in the army of Conde. His fifth son—the only child now remaining to him—was in arms for his King, in La Vendée. M. de Bazouge occupied the Château de Kerhoat, with his granddaughter. Hitherto, his advanced age, and the veneration in which he was held by his former vassals, had secured him from outrage at the hands of the Revolutionists. The peasants of Noyal-sur-Vilaine, and the foresters of Kerhoat, presented themselves respectfully before him, when, at distant intervals, leaning upon the arm of Henriette, the old Seigneur took the air in the park which once formed a portion of his domain. Some of the men ventured even to say to him, in an under tone, "God bless you, notre Monsieur;" while the women—whose moral courage is at all times, and under all circumstances, greater than that of men—openly saluted the young lady with a cordial, but deferential, "Good day, notre Mademoiselle." These, however, were the utmost marks of respect and sympathy which either men or women dared to display; they were but three leagues from Rennes, a city which, with but 25,000 souls, had no fewer than five guillotines, whose presence was quite sufficient to suggest prudence and caution to even the least prudent and the least cautious.



The only servants retained by M. de Bazouge were the gardener, and La Pierre, a brave and faithful adherent, whose father, grandfather, and great grandfather, had lived and died in the Château de Kerhoat.

Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge was a sweet girl of thirteen, whose naturally joyous countenance had been overshadowed with melancholy by the heavy misfortunes which had, in the last two years, nearly extinguished her race. She

surrounded her grandfather with the most unceasing and respectful attentions. In the morning, when M. de Bazouge awoke, the first object that met his eyes was Henriette. She would read to him by the hour together; and when the sad memory of the past brought a cloud more sombre than usual over the old man's face, she would kneel by his side, and sing gentle songs, whose melody would gradually dispel the bitterness at his heart, as the morning frost melts away before the sun of May. Placing both his hands upon her noble brow, M. de Bazouge would then smooth down the flowing curls of her fair hair, and kiss and bless her, offering up to Heaven a fervent thanksgiving, that at least this angelic being remained to him, to console the closing hours of his life.

Every evening the old man and the young girl knelt down, side by side, and prayed; the one for his four sons, martyrs in what they deemed the holiest of holy causes, and for the son who lived but to offer himself as a sacrifice whenever the same great cause should require it; the other, for her father. When the prayer was finished, the old man, still kneeling, would cry aloud, his sword-hand raised on high, his eye glowing with loyal fervour, "God save the King!" and the low, sweet voice of Henriette repeated, "God save the King!"—the same cry that, perhaps, at that very moment the dying lips of the last male Bazouge were gasping forth on some distant battle-field in La Vendée.

All this while, Cæsar lay stretched out at full length in a corner of the apartment; his grey eyes fixed, beaming with devoted affection, upon his young mistress. When, perchance, her glance fell upon him, he would half rise up, stretch out his legs, and joyously draw in a long breath. All day long, he scarcely ever lost sight of her; and at night, when she retired to her chamber, he lay across the door outside, after the fashion of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of the ancient Kings of Portugal.

Whenever Henriette put her foot out of the Château, Cæsar bounded round and round her in an ecstasy of delight. Then he would dash off like lightning down one garden walk, and up another, leaping over the great flower beds, and, tearing back to his mistress, bound round and round her again, and stick his nose in the gravel at her feet, and roll over and over on the grass, and go through a thousand antics, to express his enormous happiness. M. de Bazouge he loved; but Henriette he worshipped. At a single word from her he would have quitted his bone, though never so hungry; nay, we are not sure that, under her influence, he wouldn't even have consented to sign a treaty of peace with the great tom-cat that was wont to insult him from the roof of the stables, and against whom he had an hereditary vendetta.

At one corner of the home park of Kerhoat, there was a little hermitage, where, by some chance or other, the crucifix had been allowed to remain standing. To this spot Henriette daily directed her steps, when her grandfather was reading or taking his siesta; and the most important duty with which Cæsar was charged was the escorting his mistress on these little excursions. As soon as he saw her turn the key of the garden door, his manner altogether changed; his pace became slow, his deportment grave and serious, as though he was fully impressed with the weighty responsibility that attached to him. It was a responsibility, however, to which he was by no means inadequate; he had a piercing eye, a powerful frame, and a set of teeth strong enough to exterminate the largest wolf that might present itself. Unhappily the wild beasts at that time infesting France were far more numerous and far more mischievous than wolves.

One day La Pierre returned from Noyal with alarm strongly depicted on his countenance. He had learned that the Revolutionary authorities at Rennes were annoyed with themselves for having left so near them, alive and in peace, an old Royalist Nobleman, who had to his own share more titles than half the States put together. Accordingly, the District Representative was, current report said, about to make a descent upon the Château de Kerhoat. M. de Bazouge received this intelligence like a Christian and a soldier; though, when he looked at Henriette, his eyes involuntarily filled with tears. She was so young, so good, so beautiful at her birth so brilliant and joyous a destiny seemed to open before her! Around her cradle, the assembled family predicted for her some illustrious alliance, a splendid and happy career. Alas! that family was now all but extinct, and the jaws of death seemed to yawn for the survivors!

"God's will be done!" murmured M. de Bazouge, wiping away a forbidden tear. "Long live the King!" he exclaimed, resuming all his firmness.

"Long live the King!" repeated Henriette.

"Long live the King!" echoed a deep, grave voice, behind them.

Cæsar leaped with transport towards the new comer, a man of lofty height, whose face was concealed by the broad brim of his hat, which bore a white cockade, while his person was enveloped in a vast cloak. He paused at the threshold.

"Who art thou?" demanded the Seigneur de Bazouge.

The Stranger, after patting Cæsar on the head, as if to thank him for his good reception, threw off his hat and cloak.

"My father!" "My child!" exclaimed, with one voice, Henriette and her grandsons.

And, pressing those loved beings to his breast, he, whom they thus addressed, repeated, "My father!" "My child!"

It was the last male heir of the Bazouges of Kerhoat—Henry, Viscount of Plenars. He came from the neighbourhood of Beaujeau, where he had left the division which he commanded in the Royal and Catholic Army. His boots were covered with dust, his spurs with blood.

When his joy had somewhat calmed, the old man, while his son was pressing Henriette again and again to his heart, fell into a sombre reverie. At length, "Henry," he said, "what may I judge from this sudden return? Is the war at an end? Is there no corner of France left, in which we can still plant our standard?"

The Viscount pointed to his cockade. "Sir," he replied, "my brothers died as it became your sons to die. I trust I shall not dishonour them or you. When the white flag falls, I shall fall with it. The war will never be at an end while there remains a son of Bézouge-Kerhoat to strike a blow for his King!"

M. de Bazouge took the hand of his son, and wrung it with passionate earnestness.

"Oh!" he cried, "could I but—"

"Sir," interrupted the Viscount, "there would then be one heroic soldier the more in the Royal army: but our poor Henriette would be left alone in the world. Ah, my father, how lovely she is! How like her sainted mother!"

The memory of her they had lost, brought tears into the eyes of Henriette and her grandfather, and threw a cloud of deep sadness over the features of the haughty and hardy soldier. Throwing off the impression by a strong effort, the Viscount drew his father aside, and explained the cause of his coming. The rigorous measures adopted by the Republican authorities were becoming day by day more severe throughout France against the favourites of Royalty; and the Viscount, taking advantage of a temporary check which his division had given to the enemy, had hastened to Kerhoat for the purpose of inducing his father to fly with Henriette to England while there was yet time.

"I ask it of you, Sir," he urged, "not for your own sake—I know your great soul too well—but for the sake of this poor child, who is now our only joy, our only hope! You will not refuse to save her life?"

M. de Bazouge at first peremptorily rejected the idea of flight. Too old for active service, he yet wished to brave the coming danger in the house of his ancestors; but his passionate love for his grand-daughter prevailed.

"Well, my child," he at length said, "I will for once turn my back upon my enemies; but it is that thou mayest live, that thou mayest live for happier days."

The Viscount had already taken the measures he deemed necessary. He had sent a trusty messenger to Granville to prepare shipping, and his own immediate followers, faithful adherents of the House of Bézouge, who had accompanied him to the Royal army, waited in the forest, close by, to serve as an escort for the fugitives. It was arranged that they should quit the Château the same night, and, meantime, in order to avoid all risk of suspicion, the Viscount returned to his followers. La Pierre immediately set about the welcome task of preparing the travelling carriage.

As brave as you may, at the age of Henriette, at all events, you cannot look death in the face without a shudder. When she heard of the escape prepared for her from the threatened danger, she was full of joy. Yet, the moment after, a secret anguish came upon her, at the reflection that she was about to quit, perhaps for ever, the beloved home, in which she had passed so many happy years. She ran to bid adieu to each well-known spot throughout the Château, followed by Cæsar, who seemed to comprehend and share in her varying feelings. Then she went into the garden and gathered a bouquet, so that she might, for a long time to come, preserve, in a foreign land, in the land of exile, the sweet flowers of Kerhoat, even when they should have faded, like her fortunes. As the hour of separation approached, everything around her assumed a double charm. The old Château grew more noble, more venerable, than ever; the garden more delicious, with its symmetrically ranged rich flower beds, and meandering shrubberies; and the oaks which overlooked the garden walls waved to and fro their massive foliage more gracefully and proudly.

Nothing in this world seems so charming as that which we are about to lose, except, perhaps, that which we have already lost.

As the evening was closing in, Henriette felt a strong impulse once more to kneel before the crucifix at the little hermitage. Traversing the park under the protection of Cæsar, she soon reached the desired spot—a hillock which overlooked the country towards Rennes. When she had offered up her devotions, Henriette seated herself upon the grass and fell into a mournful reverie. Cæsar lay at full length by her side. His eyes were half closed to avoid a ray of the setting sun, which, making its way through the foliage, teasingly played among his eyelashes. He seemed half asleep.

All at once, he started up and uttered a low growl. His head firmly set on high and his body stretched out, his great eyes became fixed in the direction of Noyal. Henriette followed that indication, and turned pale. On the road from Noyal, four men on horseback were rapidly advancing, and she recognised the dreaded uniform of the Republic.

She rose, and, quick as her trembling limbs would bear her, hastened to the Château. Cæsar paused for an instant, to send a bark of fierce defiance at the distant horsemen, a challenge that was immediately answered by a great bloodhound whom one of the soldiers had in a leash.

At Kerhoat, as in all the old Châteaus, there were some hiding places, known only to the Seigneur and his family. Henriette had the advantage of the Republicans by a full quarter of an hour, which gave her time to conquer the scruples of her grandfather, and induce him to take refuge in one of these secret chambers, after he had put on his uniform, and hung round his neck the Orders he had received from his Sovereign. This was a point the old man insisted upon; if he were discovered, let him, at all events, not die in undress.

Cæsar stretched himself across the invisible door of the chamber of refuge.

A few moments after the retreat had been effected, three soldiers, under the command of the Republican Representative at Rennes, presented themselves at the gate of the Château, and were admitted, as need was, by La Pierre, who had heard nothing about their approach, and who was immediately made a prisoner.

"Where's thy master?" demanded the leader of the party.

"At Guernsey," replied La Pierre, without hesitation.

The visitors made wry faces at this intimation, but their countenances cleared up when they saw the travelling carriage in a corner of the courtyard.

"Miserable traitor!" exclaimed the Representative, "thou hast lied to the Republic! Dismount, citizens: bind that scoundrel to some sure place, and let us examine this hotbed of aristocrats."

La Pierre was fastened to an iron ring in the stable wall. The Representative then let loose the bloodhound.

"Hi, Rustand! look out, good dog. To 'em! to 'em!"

The animal, long trained to the chase of men, dashed up the grand staircase, filling the Château with his loud baying. His masters followed him.

Meantime, La Pierre made every effort to release himself, but the fellows had bound him mercilessly, and he made but slow progress.

"If I were but free," said he to himself, "I would go and fetch M. le Vicomte, and these rascals would soon have sport on their hands."

But he was not free yet.

The Representative soon lost sight of the dog in the interminable corridors of the first story, but still followed him, guided by his voice, urging him on with those terms of the chase which were so hideously appropriate to the abominable sport in which they were engaged.

The secret chamber stood in the second story, and opened from an apartment in ordinary use. When the bloodhound, led by his unerring scent, entered the room, the door of which had been left open, Cæsar immediately rose, and the two dogs stood face to face.

They were both fine animals, full of courage, strength, and activity. The bloodhound shewed his formidable range of white sharp teeth, but Cæsar did not draw back an inch.

"Hold on, Rustand; to 'em, good dog!" exclaimed the Representative, from the staircase.

The bloodhound made a fierce rush at his adversary; Cæsar skilfully avoided him, and then, turning short round, caught him full by the throat. The victim struggled convulsively for a minute, uttered a subdued growl, stiffened out, and was motionless. Cæsar let him fall, and returned quickly to his post. The bloodhound was dead.

"Where on earth is Rustand?" impatiently cried the Representative, in the corridor; "I don't hear him now. Hi, Rustand! On 'em, my beauty!"

Rustand was by no means in a condition to make an answer. The Representative fumed terribly; and to complete his annoyance, he saw, through a window in the corridor, La Pierre, at last disengaged from his bonds, throw himself on one of the horses, and dash off at full gallop.

"This is getting unpleasant," muttered the man-hunter.

Guided thus far, however, by the voice of his hound, he felt convinced that the game was not far off; and, after some ten minutes' research in the various apartments which opened from the corridor, the party found themselves standing before the dead body of their dog; while, from the other extremity of the chamber Cæsar lay glaring at them with flaming eyes.

"We have them, citizens!" exclaimed the Representative, taking, at the same time, the precaution to retire behind his men. "This monster has assassinated Rustand, to whose *manes* let me render the justice to say, that he died in the service of his country. The monster's master is not far off; sound the wall; we shall soon hit upon the badger's hole."

One of the soldiers advanced, not without a look of serious apprehension at Cæsar, who lay breathing thick and short, his body touching the ground, his limbs all in nervous tension, his hair bristling, and his eyes on fire. The soldier had hardly put forth his hand, to sound the wall, when he was felled to the ground as he had been a child, and in an instant Cæsar had resumed his position.

"Fire at this monster, defenders of your country!" roared the Representative.

The soldiers presented their carbines, but at that moment the door of the secret apartment turned on its hinges, and M. de Bazouge, with his granddaughter, stepped into the room. Seeing that discovery was inevitable, he came forth to meet his fate. His tall figure was drawn up to its full height; his noble features expressed majesty and command; his unsheathed sword was in his hand.

The soldiers drew back with an involuntary gesture of respect. Their leader, when he saw how old a man he had to deal with, plucked up courage, and advanced with an insolent air.

"Good day, Citizen! I am happy to find thee, at last. Our people down yonder have a few words to exchange with thee. Thou art, I believe, the Citizen Bézouge?"

The old man replied, in a grave and lofty tone, "I am Yves de Bézouge, Marquis de Bouex, Count de Noyal, Baron de Landevy, Seigneur de Plechastel, Kerney, and other places, Knight of several orders, Lieutenant-General in the service of his Majesty."

"That will do, Citizen," interrupted the Representative with a grin; "there's ten times more than enough to settle thy business. Meantime, hand over thy old rapier, Citizen Marquis."

"Come and take it," said M. de Bézouge, throwing himself resolutely into an attitude of defence.

The Representative, secure of an easy victory, drew his sword, and made a pass at the old man, who parried it feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself forward to turn aside a second thrust, but Cæsar had anticipated her, and rushing upon his master's antagonist, received the weapon full in his breast.

"Mercy!" piteously cried the poor girl.

The Representative gave no other reply than a diabolical chuckle, and raised his arm to strike.

"Long live the King!" exclaimed M. de Bézouge, resuming his guard.

"Long live the King!" echoed that deep voice which we have already heard.

The Representative's sword, which was at the old man's breast, fell from his grasp. He turned round aghast, and received his death-wound from the hand of La Pierre, who, with the Viscount and six men armed to the teeth, had entered the room. In an instant, the three Republicans, who offered no resistance, were seized and strongly bound with the cords they had brought for others.

"And now, *en route*," said the Viscount.

The travelling carriage was instantly got out and the horses put to. M. de Bézouge entered first; Henriette was about to follow, when she felt her dress pulled, and, turning round, she saw Cæsar at her feet, who, bleeding and dying with a look of concentrated affection, seemed to implore a last caress. In the hurry and excitement of the moment he had been lost sight of, but he had followed them down into the courtyard unperceived—track of blood marking his agonising progress. When she looked upon him, Henriette felt as though her heart was cloven. She knelt down, and, with an anguish too deep

for tears or utterance, kissed the bloody forehead of her dying friend. Cæsar's eye gleamed with a momentary lustre; he essayed to rise, but in vain; then uttering a low murmur of content and happiness, he licked her hand and died. Henriette fell senseless into the arms of her father, who lifted her into the carriage.

M. de Bézouge reached the shores of England in safety. When happier days shone upon France, Henriette, now alone in the world, returned thither to resume her heritage. The memory of her noble dog had never departed from her; and it was her first care to have his story painted, by the greatest artist France then boasted. The picture occupies a prominent position in the Dining Hall of Kerhoat, and to every visitor, the old La Pierre, with glowing tongue and tearful eye, would tell how Cæsar conquered in single combat a bloodhound of the Convention, and was, like his Imperial namesake, assassinated by a Republican.

W. HAZLITT.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Member of the Manchester Atheneum."—Problem No. 100 is perfectly correct. "J. W. D."—You cannot Castle and capture a piece at the same time.

"A. M. Z."—Stalemate is a drawn game.

"G. J. B."—The solution of Dal Rio's problem is as follows:

White. Black.
1. Q to her 6th (ch) K to R square (best)
2. Q to her B 6th B takes Q, or*
3. R to Q 8th (ch) Q to B square
4. R takes Q (mate).

Black has other modes of play, but no one which will postpone the mate beyond four moves. The second position mentioned is so easy that we must leave the discovery of its solution to you.

"Cromarty."—The rules for playing Double Chess may be got, doubtless, of any respectable chess-man turner: we know nothing whatever of the game.

"J. G."—Dublin.—The match between Pesth and Paris still drags its slow length along. When concluded, we intend to give the moves to the end.

"J. F. C."—Margate.—The position sent is a well-known one of D'Orville's.

"H."—The welcome translations arrived safely, and we beg to express our grateful acknowledgment of the kindness which prompted their execution.

"J. P."—Your investigation of Problem No. 100 was anything but an accurate one, or you would not have fallen into the error of condemning its solution as unsatisfactory.

The Problems just forwarded by "Mr. M. G." "Mr. Kuiper," and "C. R. L." are very acceptable additions to our present store.

"G. F. L."—Mornington.—The solution is as follows: White—1. K to B 7th; 2. B to K B 6th; 3. B to Q 8th; 4. K to Q B 6th, discovering checkmate. Black's moves are all forced.

purpose giving the third game, with any further intelligence respecting the progress of the match, with which we may be favoured in the interval.

GAME THE FIRST.

WHITE,	BLACK,	WHITE,	BLACK,
1. K P two.	(M. ROUSSEAU.) K P two.	(MR. STANLEY.) 11. Q B P one.	(M. ROUSSEAU.) B to K 3rd
2. K B to Q B 4th	K Kt to B 3rd +	12. Castles.	Q P one.
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K B to Q B 4th	13. Q B to K Kt 5th	Q B P one
4. K Kt to B 3rd	Q P one	14. Kt to K R's 5th	P takes P
5. K R P one	Cistles	15. P takes P	B takes B
6. Q P one	Q B to K 3rd	16. Q to K B 3rd **	Q B to his 5th
7. K B to K 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	17. B takes Kt	Q to K 3rd
8. Q Kt to K 2nd	Q K to K 2nd	18. Kt takes Kt P	Q D to K 7th
9. Q Kt to K 3d +	Q Kt to Q 5th	19. Kt takes Q	B takes Q
10. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	20. Kt takes Kt +†	Black surrenders.

* To avoid the heaviness and monotony which are supposed to characterise the "King's Pawn one," or "close game," it was stipulated, we believe, that both parties should play "K's Pawn two" at the first move.

† The best rejoinder to White's move, according to Heydebrant and Jaenisch.

‡ Playing the Q's Kt over to this side, when the adverse King has Castled with K's Rook is a favourite manœuvre of our best players in the present day.

§ White gains this move, at least, by the exchange of pieces.

|| "K R P one," in our opinion, would have been much better play.

¶ Now, the grave fault Black committed in allowing the adversary's B to be posted at Kt 4th sq is strikingly apparent.

** This is very finely played, and is an instructive example to young players of the importance of gaining time at Chess. Had White paused in his attack to recover the lost Bishop, the adversary might have succeeded in dislodging one or other of the pieces by which he is beleaguered, or in bringing his own forces to the rescue, and then have ultimately retrieved the game.

†† And thus, after twenty moves only, terminated the opening game of this long-talked of match. Lengthened comment upon a struggle so feeble and short-lived is needless—with the exception of White's concluding moves, it presents no points of mark and interest whatever, and would suffer greatly in comparison with most of the published games of these amateurs played under ordinary circumstances.

GAME THE SECOND.

WHITE,	BLACK,	WHITE,	BLACK,
(M. ROUSSEAU.)	(MR. STANLEY.)	(M. ROUSSEAU.)	(MR. STANLEY.)
1. K P two.	K P two.	20. K to Kt 2nd	Kt takes Q B P
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	21. Q R to Q sq	K B P one
3. Q P two	P takes P	22. Kt to K B 5th	K B P one
4. K B to Q B 4th	Q P one	23. B to K 3rd	K to his 3rd
5. Castles *	Q B to K Kt 5th	24. Q R to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th
6. K B to Q Kt 5th	Q B to K B 3rd	25. K R to Q sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
7. K B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	26. Kt to K Kt 3rd	K R P one
8. Q takes P	B takes Kt	27. Q R to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
9. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	28. B to his sq.	Kt to K Kt 3rd
10. P takes B	K R P one	29. K R to Q 3rd	B to K B 5th
11. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt P two	30. B to Q Kt 2nd	Kt to R 5th (ch)
12. Q B to Q 2d +	Kt to K R 4th	31. K to K sq.	K Kt P one
13. Q R to K sq	B to Kt 2nd	32. Kt takes P	R takes Kt
14. Q Kt P one	B to K 4th	33. P takes P	K R to his 2nd
15. Kt to K 2nd	K to Q 2nd	34. R to K R 3rd	Q R to R sq.
16. Kt to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K Kt 2nd	35. R to Q B 2nd	Kt to K B 6th **
17. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	36. R takes R	R takes K
18. K to R sq.	Q R to K B sq.	37. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 8th (ch)
19. Kt to K Kt 3d	Kt to Q 5th +		White resigns +†

* By Castling now White appears to have thrown away all the advantage this opening gives to the first player. The correct move is Q B's P one.

† We should prefer playing Pawn to K B's 4th at this stage.

‡ In his apprehension of the threatened advance of Black's K B's P, White seems to have quite overlooked the more dangerous move of his Kt to Q 5th.

§ It was impossible, we believe, to save both the pawns.

|| Had Black played on his R's Pawn now, instead of moving the Kt, White would probably have taken the P at Q B's 5th with his Bishop.

¶ The beginning of the end!... White's last few moves afforded his active opponent time to accumulate a force upon the King's quarters, which is quite irresistible.

** Properly played; if the Kt is taken, Mate follows in three moves.

†† In this game White makes a longer if not a better fight than in the preceding one; but the play is certainly below the ordinary standard of his games. Neither party, indeed, as yet seems to have "warmed to his work"; after a few more games we shall have both upon their mettle, and then some play worthy of themselves and the occasion may be looked for.

THE THEATRES.

We were enabled, in our late edition of last week, to give a short notice of the manner in which all the principal Christmas entertainments had been received, in addition to an account of their plots and chief effects, which we were enabled to report through the politeness of those connected with the different managements. Since then we have been present at the representation of most of them, and are enabled to speak, both individually and collectively, of the various pantomimes and burlesques. The theatres have been nightly crowded to overflowing: at the Lyceum, for example, six hundred persons came into the pit with the first rush on Monday evening, as we are informed: and the other houses appear to be doing equally well. But we must, in candour, state that we do not consider any of the Christmas pieces up to the mark. The Haymarket extravaganza is, perhaps, the best, with respect to graceful pointed writing and the beauty of the *mise en scène*; but even this does not "go" with the audience like one or two former productions by the same author.

It may not be out of place to say a few words upon this general deficiency of attraction. The flat manner in which all the plays appear to have been received on "Boxing Night," and more especially the pantomimes, was in a great measure owing to a lack of novelty and meaning in the various effects. Conventionality, with a singular clinging to traditional business, is the bane of all our management. The greater number of our actors move in a most limited sphere; the theatre in which they are engaged is their world, and they know but little of what is going on beyond it; they scarcely, even, take any interest in the business or progress of other establishments. This same limited intelligence is observable in all the departments of a theatre; stage-managers, carpenters, and even scene-painters are alike opposed to innovation, and every dramatic author is aware that the reply to any proposition for a new effect, or departure from the established system, is always, "Such a thing was never heard of"—the very reason why it ought to be done. Again, there is not in our theatres one general superintendent of the *ensemble*, who, whilst he understands, practically, the work of all the departments, possesses in addition an artistic taste, and capacity for working out any effect poetically, producing something beyond the hackneyed system of traps, "vampires," "slotes," and other appliances, with the action of which the public are now as well acquainted as anybody behind the scenes. The combined intelligence of Mr. Planché and Mr. W. Bradwell, during the *Vestris* dynasty at Covent Garden, did much towards educating the eyes of the play-going world to look for something of a more imaginative kind than the time-honoured conventionalities they had been accustomed to; but, in point of exceeding beauty, and aesthetic perfection of detail, "Acis and Galatea" may be mentioned as standing alone.

Owing to this deficiency, we cannot come near the Paris theatres. For this reason the gorgeous *Biche au Bois*, when brought from the Porte St. Martin to Drury-lane, as "The Princess who was changed into a Deer," lived only one night; for this reason, also, the tremendous scene in the same piece of "La Roche Terrible," omitted in the Drury-lane version, but evidently intended to form the *cheval de bataille* of the Lyceum burlesque, has totally failed. Those who chance to see this "tableau" in Paris—the wild towering rocks, with the wonderful atmosphere that gave such distance to the higher portions—the real water sparkling over the edge of the gorge, and leaping from one point to another until it was lost in the depths of the precipice—the ghastly appearance of the skeletons in the blocks of black stone—will remember how all these things combined to form one magnificent effect which attracted all Paris to the theatre. In the "Enchanted Horse," the summit of the mountain appears to be as close to the audience as its base; and a clumsy huge jack-towel, striped with blue and silver, goes round and round to form the wafer-fall—jerking, hitching, and now and then giving a turn the wrong way, looking as much like a cascade as the slipper-bath in a green petticoat, so frequently seen in our theatres, approximates to a bank. But this slipper-bath is endeared to stage carpenters by early recollections; there is, besides, sure to be one in the house, and so it is always used, and always will be.

The taste for pantomimes is evidently on the decrease: and, indeed, has been so for some years. The openings, it is true, amuse, for there is generally some little novelty in their treatment; but the harlequinade is sadly wearying, the chief cause of this being, perhaps, the want of sustaining interest. The moment the characters are changed they lose all connexion with the introductory portion of the entertainment. The Harlequin and Clown part of any one pantomime might be grazed on the opening of any other without any change being required, during the last ten years; and the pantomimists have not kept pace with the times. They adhere to their old business as stubbornly as certain elderly gentlemen still affect Hessian boots and powder, or big watch-chains, because such things were once popular.

We admit it is difficult to get them from the beaten track; but until this is done there is little hope for improvement in our Christmas Entertainments.

FRENCH PLAYS.

"Une Femme de Quarante Ans," a piece which has had an immense run in Paris, has been brought on at the St. James's Theatre since we last noticed the performances. The title of the play is derived from the heroine, who is widow, aged forty, married to a young man of twenty-five. The honeymoon has been passed in retirement in the country, where all their engagements have been purely of a simple and pastoral nature. They arrive in Paris, and the lady, fearing that the gaieties of the season may disturb the course of the affections of her husband, does all in her power to prevent his seeking any amusement away

from his home. This caprice, however, threatens considerable interruption to their matrimonial peace, and their discontent is increased by a serious *contretemps* which happens. She has a daughter of seventeen years of age, whom she has studiously kept out of sight, lest the superior charms of youth and beauty might affect the power of her own. The persons to whom she has entrusted her daughter, inform her husband of the circumstances connected with her; and request her hand for a young man, one of his most intimate friends. He readily gives his consent; but there is a difficulty in obtaining that of the mother to the proposed match. Serious differences arise between husband and wife, and some fierce domestic broils lead to a separation by mutual consent. The irritated lady, moreover, learns from an old domestic, that a young lady has lately visited her husband; and exchanged with him, as she judges, over-affectionate expressions of friendship. Upon this, she determines to seek her husband, and have a full explanation; and unfortunately discovers that the young lady is concealed in a closet. She taunts him with the usual epithets made use of on such occasions: in vain the husband tries to appease her. She rushes to the closet, tears open the door, and discovers that it is her own daughter. Shame and penitence immediately succeed; and her husband, who is really devotedly attached to her, pardons her. Her daughter is made happy with the desired husband, and all become reconciled.

Mdlle. Martelleur played the part of the wife—the first character of any importance that has yet been allotted to her; and we were pleased at finding our predictions verified concerning the great talent of this actress. Her dramatic conceptions are of a lofty and serious character; and mere trifling *rôles* in vaudevilles are unsuited to her. She played admirably—with energy and power, but without force or exaggeration. Her sentiment was very touching and refined; and "the plentiful moisture" that bedewed every eye in the house, was the best testimony of the true and natural feeling she is capable of assuming. One deficiency alone struck us, and this was, that artifice failed to make visible in her, any of the fading fascinations which usually characterise *Une Femme de Quarante Ans*.

At the conclusion of the play, the curtain was raised again, and Mdlle. Martelleur came forward, in obedience to a hearty summons from every corner of the house: M. Rhozevil sustained the part of the husband with much intelligence and effect; and M. Cartigny, as an old and faithful domestic, was, as always, exceedingly humorous. The rest of the parts reflected great credit on the actors who rendered them: and we must give every praise to the charming simplicity of Mdlle. Heloise, in the character of the daughter. The houses have been, as usual, well and fashionably attended.

ADELPHI.

It requires no entomologist to tell us that the Cricket tribe is rapidly propagated. In a few days time there will be one chirping upon the hearths of nearly all the theatres in London. The second adaptation of Mr. Dickens's book was brought out at this house on Wednesday evening, the dramatic version having been arranged by Mr. Edward Stirling. Having already given the plot, it is not necessary to repeat it: we will merely allude to the acting and the manner in which the drama has been produced, premising, however, that from the dramatic construction of the original work, there is necessarily very little variation, in the course of the incidents, from the version already given at the Lyceum. Mr. O. Smith is entitled to the highest praise, for his very admirable performance of the *Carrier*. His acting of the character throughout was a fine artistic conception, perfectly embodying the creation of the author: and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, even with Mrs. Keeley fresh in our memory, was a lively, bustling, affectionate little *Dot*, that Boz himself must have approved of. Miss Woolgar performed the blind girl, *Bertha*, with much sweetness: we did not believe that this young lady was capable of putting forth such true pathos, accustomed as we have been to see her merely in farces and burlesques, and those of the broadest character. *Tilly Slowboy* was enacted by Mr. Wright, who was droll enough, and drew forth roars of laughter from the gallery, to which part of the house this really clever and original performer, it is to be regretted, usually addresses himself. We have a great objection to seeing him in female characters; but we must in candour say, that on the present occasion he subdued those peculiarities he is apt to indulge in, and which at times are actually offensive. Mr. Seelye performed the little part of the *Stranger* with care and propriety. The other characters call for no remark either one way or the other. A very lively dance concluded the piece, which was unanimously encored; and after the curtain fell, all the principal performers were called for and appeared. The applause was loud and unqualified, and the piece achieved a perfect success. It will have a run.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Risley—we beg his pardon; we believe he is termed "Professor"—appeared here on Tuesday with his sons, having completed a grand series of continental engagements, extending, as we are informed, to St. Petersburg. The boys have lost none of that ease and grace which raised their performance so far above any kind of tumbling we had ever before witnessed; and their *tours de force* elicited the same marks of approbation from the audience as heretofore. Mdlle. Flora Fabri has been re-engaged, so that these combined attractions help to make a very agreeable programme of entertainments for the Christmas play-goers.

PRINCESS'.

Another "Cricket on the Hearth" made its appearance at this theatre on Thursday evening. This last adaptation is the work of a gentleman named Archer: and he appears to have taken Mr. Albert Smith's Lyceum version for his guide; the action of the drama being the same, as well as several of the descriptive bits worked into the dialogue. The only difference is the manner in which the vision of the third act is managed, and this is certainly the best scenic effect of the three pieces. The cast was distributed as follows:—*Dot*, Mrs. Sterling; John P. erying, Mr. Ryder; Caleb Plumm, Mr. Compton; *The Stranger*, Mr. Leigh Murray; *Bertha*, Miss. Marshall. Of these Mrs. Sterling is most worthy of remark: her acting was gentle and beautifully conceived. Little Miss Marshall proved that she is as excellent an actress as a dancer: her clear fresh voice made every line tell, and her pantomime was most expressive. Of the male characters, Mr. Compton's *Caleb* was the chief: his performance struck us as being in every respect equal to Keeley's. Mr. Ryder was less happy in his impersonation of the *Carrier*. The little part of *Tilly Slowboy*, which always comes out so well, was sustained with spirit by Miss Somers.

The vision is very nicely managed—a gauze medium, behind which all the household fairies are seen, contributes much to the effect. The piece was received throughout with tremendous applause; and at the conclusion, all the principal performers were called before the curtain. Its success was complete.

MUSIC.

Not a Concert this week! We breathe again! Save "Maritana" at Drury Lane Theatre, and Jullien's Entertainment at Covent Garden, pantomime and spectacle have absorbed the attention of the London amateurs. Next Friday, Handel's "Messiah" will be repeated at Exeter Hall, and on the 15th Mr. Horn, the composer, commences a "new original musical entertainment," called "The Lays and Legends of Normandy," assisted by Messrs. Hobbs, Machin, and the Misses M. and A. Williams. Our continental advices record the death of Simon Mayer, the composer, at Bergamo, in Italy, on the 2nd December. He was born in Bavaria, in 1763, and wrote upwards of seventy operas, which had European success until the star of Rossini rose in 1814. Curiously enough, Mayer was afterwards the master of Donizetti, who succeeded the Swan of Pesaro in popularity. Mayer, in his early career, produced several oratorios and masses, and towards the close of his musical life, resumed the sacred style, and published also various instruction and theoretical books. He was Director of the Bergamo Musical Institute, and Chapel-Master of the church of Maria-Maggiore.

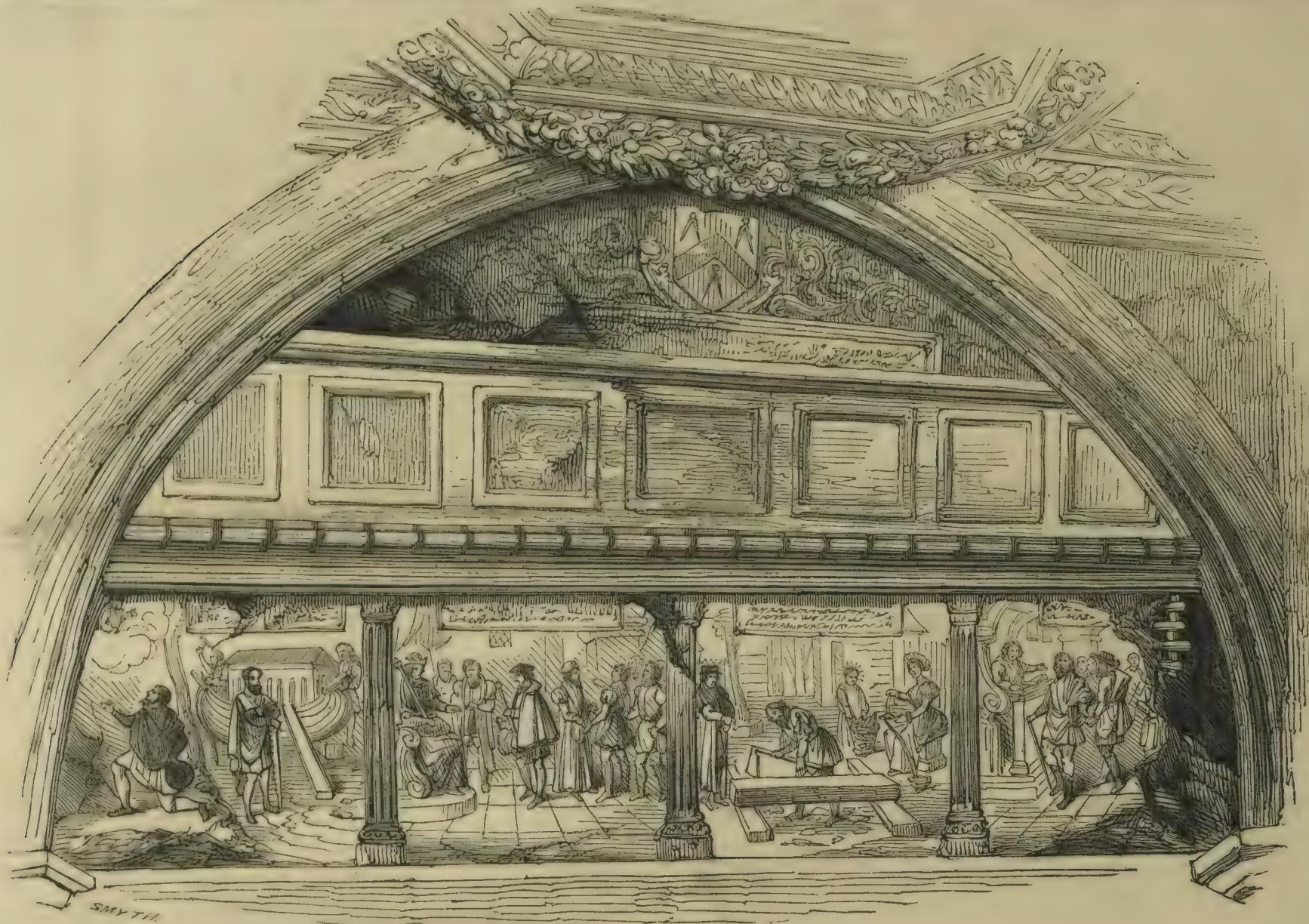
It is now certain that Mendelssohn will conduct the Birmingham Festival, in August next, but it is by no means positive that he will produce his new oratorio on that occasion. There is hope that he will, at length, write a grand opera, as Meyerbeer has quitted Berlin in disgust. The latter, it is whispered, will now no longer hesitate to bring out one of the great operatic works he has so long had ready, the representation of which he deferred since Falcon's retirement, because there was no successor to that gifted vocalist. Meyerbeer will now be content with Madame Stoltz, the *Prima Donna* of the *Académie Royale* in Paris.

Baile's opera of "L'Etoile de Seville," having been judiciously curtailed, has gained each successive performance; but it seems clear that the work is not a masterpiece, having been composed too speedily.

The "lions" of the forthcoming season are, as yet, expected to be, Hector Barlow and Felicien David, the French composers; Molique, the composer and violinist; Dreyckoch, the Viennese pianist; and Léopold de Mayer, now in America; two pianists from Prague, of German and French fame; Ole Bull, perhaps; Jenny Lind, problematical; Pischek and Staudigl, with Lindpainter, the composer, certain.

In our notice last week of the *Choral Harmonists*, we suggested the performance of Beethoven's second Mass in D. We have been informed that this spirited Society actually has performed, this stupendous work in the seasons 1839 and 1844. We were not in England on either occasion; but we trust the present season will not pass without a repetition of that great production.

Bologna advices of recent date mention that Rossini is superintending the rehearsals of an opera, composed by Döhler, the celebrated pianist, intended to be produced at the Pergola in Florence. Berlin correspondence announces the great triumphs of an English pianist, named



ANCIENT PAINTING DISCOVERED AT CARPENTERS' HALL.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT PAINTING IN CARPENTERS' HALL.

Several of our old City Halls contain some curious specimens of Decorative Art, which circumstance occasionally brings to light. Thus, a railway has just been the means of revealing a relic of art in the sixteenth century; reminding one of the upturning of the bones of the Conqueror's daughter at Lewes, a few weeks since, by the implement of the railway navigator.

Certain of the City Halls, it should be premised, are not used for civic purposes, owing, sometimes, to the funds of the Companies to which they belong, not allowing their maintenance. They are, accordingly, let to tenants for various purposes: for instance, Carpenters' Hall, situated in London-wall, has recently been used as a carpet warehouse; but it is now being fitted up as an office for a railway company. A few days since, a workman employed in the interior, accidentally discovered that a portion of the dair end of the hall had been painted, and he succeeded in removing several coats of plastering so as not to injure the concealed decoration. Some of the Committee of the British Archaeological Association next examined this work of ancient art, and considered it so interesting, that they ordered tracings and drawings to be prepared forthwith; Mr. Pocock, the Chairman of the Carpenters' Company, and Mr. Jupp, the clerk, affording every assistance.

The painting is almost three feet in depth, and extends the entire width of the wall. It is divided into four subjects, all bearing allusion to the craft of carpenters. The first represents God ordering Noah to build the ark, and the consequent progress of the work. The second is a group of several figures with a regal personage enthroned, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Henry VIII. An inscription acquaints us that the picture is intended for King Josias ordering the money col-

lected in the Temple to be delivered to the carpenters for repairing the building. The third exhibits Joseph at work at his trade; Mary is seated beside him busily engaged in spinning, and the child Jesus, with a halo round his head, is picking up the chips and putting them into a basket. The fourth subject is Jesus Teaching in the Temple. These paintings are executed in distemper, and are an excellent illustration of this art in the time of Henry VIII., the obvious period of their execution.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

COLONEL GURWOOD.

John Gurwood, Esq., Deputy-Governor of the Tower, Colonel in the Army, and Esquire to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, was born at Hoddesdon, Herts, April 7, 1788; his progenitors having for seven generations resided at Barnby Moor and Langton. Jean de Gorrevod, who served with his cousin, Laurent de Gorrevod, afterwards Comte de Pont de Vaux, under the Duke of Savoy, in fighting against the French at the great Battle of St. Quentin, in 1557, was wounded and conveyed to Calais, then in possession of the English. He escaped from that town previously to its surrender in 1551, and arrived at Kingston-upon-Hull, where he settled and married. From this gentleman Col. Gurwood was eighth in descent.

The gallant Colonel entered the army as Ensign 30th March, 1808, and attained his rank as full Colonel in November, 1841. During the whole of the Peninsular War he was engaged under the Duke of Wellington, and participated in the Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Fort Renaud; in the Battles of Vittoria, Salamanca, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse. At Ciudad Rodrigo he led the successful Forlorn Hope, and, in remembrance of his gallantry, he bore on his coat of arms, as an honourable augmentation, the shield of the town, with the sword of the Governor, whom he took prisoner. Col. Gurwood served subsequently through the campaign of 1815, and was severely wounded at Waterloo. On that memorable occasion he was on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, and filled the important office of Private Secretary to his Grace, a position which afforded him peculiar facilities for editing the "Wellington Despatches," a work of national importance, with which his name will be handed down to posterity. The lamentable termination of Col. Gurwood's life is detailed in another part of our paper. We will here merely add that, in consequence of a lowness and despondency of spirits, his medical attendant had, about a month since, ordered the Colonel to try the bracing air of Brighton, and that, while there, in a fit of temporary insanity, he put an end to his existence on Saturday last.

THE EARL OF BELMORE.

Somerset Lowry Corry, Earl of Belmore, died on the 17th December, aged 71. This Nobleman was the only child, by his first wife, of Armar Lowry, Esq., M.P. for the County of Tyrone, (the representative of an eminent and opulent family in the North of Ireland), who assumed, as heir to the estates of his maternal ancestors, the surname and arms of Corry, and was created Baron Belmore in 1781. He became subsequently Viscount Belmore, and finally obtained an Earldom in 1797.

The late Peer, who was one of the Representative Lords, and who filled at one time the influential appointment of Governor-General of Jamaica, married, 20th Oct., 1800, Juliana, second daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Carrick, and has left two sons—Armar, Viscount Corry, now Earl of Belmore; and the Right Hon. Henry Thomas Corry, M.P. for Tyrone.

THE LEAGUE MEETING AT MANCHESTER.—The total amount subscribed in consequence of the recent Anti-Corn-law meeting at Manchester was £71,773. Among the subscriptions on the first day were:—One of £1,500, twenty-four of £1000, one of £700, twenty-five of £500, four of £400, seven of £300, twenty-eight of £250, seventeen of £200, nine of £150, one of £125, seventy of £100; it was in one week only from its commencement, that the subscription reached the amount of £71,773; averaging more than £10,000 daily.

THE CITY TWELFTH CAKE.

A gratifying evidence of the progress art is making among us is the growing attention manufacturers now bestow on the artistic decoration of even such wares as used to be considered unworthy of any but the rudest ornament. Even the time-honoured monstrosities in chalk, and barbarisms in orange-peel, that have gladdened the hearts of countless juveniles, on the twelfth-cakes of by-gone days, have, at length, given place to the fanciful creations of a higher taste. As an example, we take the above beautiful design, which is now displayed in the shop-window of

Messrs. Batger & Co., of Bishopsgate-street. The circumference of this monstrous cake is 8 feet 6 inches, its height 4 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its total weight upwards of a hundred-weight; but the various parts are in such good proportion that it does not strike one at first as being nearly so large. The cake itself forms a plateau, from which rises an elegant tazza, having in its centre a vase of flowers, and a pine-apple, from among the leaves of which a fountain springs in the most graceful form of apparently falling water. The whole structure is elaborately ornamented with flowers and the delicacies of confectionery; birds of sponge-cake dip their beaks in basins of translucent sugar-candy, and blanc-mange dolphins continually spout forth streams of almost irresistible barley-sugar. It is a new sign of the times, when an eminent R.A. condescends to the production of a design for a twelfth-cake; yet so it really is in this instance, and the result is a work of pure art and undeniable taste.

WASSAIL BOWL IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

We have been favoured by a Correspondent with a sketch of a relic of the ancient custom of Wassailing, which is still kept up in some parts of Gloucestershire.

During the Christmas week bands of men, calling themselves "Wassailers," carry about, at night time, a large bowl made from the wood of the Apple-tree; and sing a song and chorus before the doors of their neighbours. Two pieces of stick are generally bent crossways over the bowl: these, as well as the bowl, are ornamented with Laurel, Mistletoe, various other evergreens, gay ribbons, &c. At the conclusion of the song, the bowl is sent into the house for inspection, in the hope that it may be returned well filled with beer, &c., or accompanied by some trifling pecuniary donation.



THE CITY TWELFTH CAKE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL BOWL.

THE ENGLISH TOM THUMB.

The American General has left the Metropolis, and has been succeeded by "the Miniature John Bull," or, as he has been rechristened—"the English Tom Thumb." The certificate of his birth proves him to be 15 years of age, though he resembles a child of four: he was born at Kittisfield, near Wellington, as we lately stated.



THE ENGLISH TOM THUMB.

Our little new comer is located at the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-street; where he enacts various performances; introducing songs, pantomime feats, &c., to the delight of admiring audiences. A spirited portrait of this new Lilliputian has just been published by Mr. Moore, of West-street, St. Martin's Lane.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

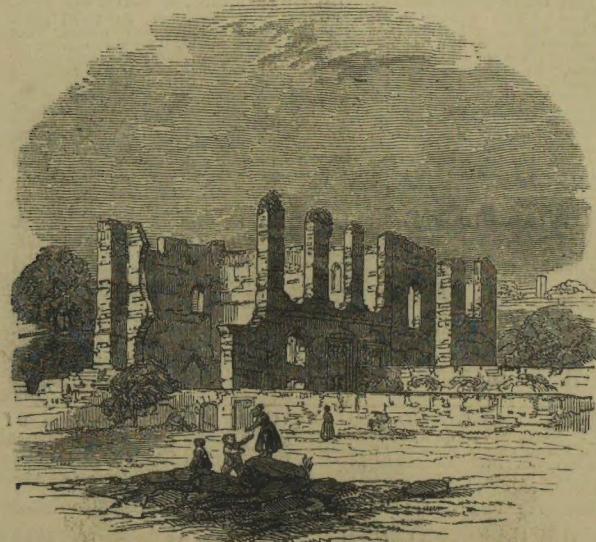
SOPWELL NUNNERY.

This interesting relic of monastic times occupies a considerable space of ground about half a mile south-eastward of St. Albans'; but, the dilapidations have been so great of late years, that neither the plan of the buildings, nor their appropriation can now be traced. This Nunnery was of the Benedictine order, and was founded about 1140, by Geoffrey de Gorman, 16th Abbot of St. Albans', on the site of an humble dwelling that had been constructed of trees, by two pious women, who lived here in seclusion and strict abstinence. The Abbot ordained that the number of nuns should not exceed thirteen, and that none should be admitted into the sisterhood but maidens. He also granted them some lands, and their possessions were afterwards increased by different grants from Henry de Albini, and others of his family. An estate in the parish of Ridge was likewise given to them by Richard de Tany, or Todemal. At the period of the dissolution of this house, its annual revenues were estimated, according to Speed, at £68 8s.; Tanner estimated them at £58 8s.; and Dugdale records them at only £40 7s. 10d.

In the year 1541 Henry VIII. granted the site and building of the Nunnery to Sir Richard Lee, who had been bred to arms, and was the person who had previously obtained the grant of the lands lying contiguous to the Abbey Church. According to Newcome, Sir Richard was indebted for Sopwell to the solicitations of his handsome wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Greenfield, and who was in no small favour with the King.

By Sir Richard the buildings were enlarged and altered for his own residence: and the surrounding grounds were enclosed by a wall, and converted into a park. He died, 1575, leaving two daughters. By Anne, the eldest of whom married to Edward Sadlier, second son of Sir Ralph Sadlier, of Standon, in the same county, Sopwell passed into that family. About the time of the Restoration, it again fell to an heiress, married to Thomas Sanders Esq., of Beechwood, and was afterwards sold to Sir Harbottle Grimston, an ancestor of the present Earl of Verulam, of Gorhambury, who is now the owner of this property.

The ruins of Sopwell are mostly huge fragments of wall, composed of flint and brick. The windows in what appear to have been the principal apartments, are square and large, with stone frames; some of which have been ornamented. In the gardens, which lie contiguous, over the door leading into the principal one, is a square tablet of stone, sculptured with the figure of a dexter hand and arm, elevated, and holding a broken sword; above was an inscribed label, but now unintelligible. The crest granted to Sir Richard Lee was very similar.

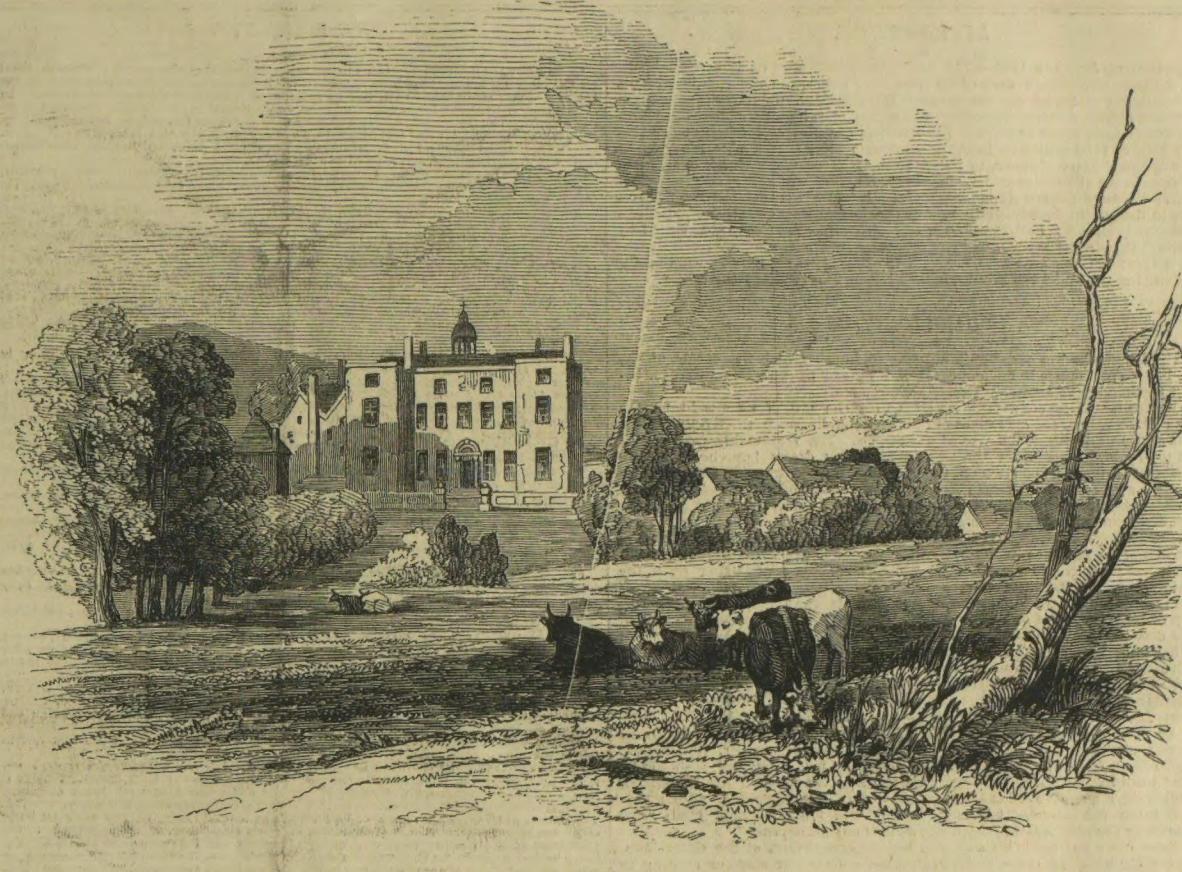


SOPWELL NUNNERY.

In an angle in the garden is a strongly arched brick building, with various small recesses and niches constructed within the walls. This Nunnery is said to have obtained the name of Sopwell from the circumstance of the two women who first established themselves here, sipping their crusts in the water of a neighbouring well. One of the out-buildings is yet standing at a little distance, and is now used as a barn. Many of those who assumed the veil at Sopwell were ladies of distinguished rank, family, and learning. It has been said that Henry VIII. was privately married to Anne Boleyn in the Chapel here.

Coins of the greatest interest and value have been found here at various times, and it is a spot well worthy the inspection of the antiquary and the curious being situated within an easy and pleasant walk of the ancient town of St. Albans.

W. L.



ABBERLEY HALL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

DESTRUCTION OF ABBERLEY HALL BY FIRE.

We regret to record the burning of the fine old mansion of Abberley Hall, near Witley, and about five miles from Stourport, in Worcestershire. The house was finely situated in the midst of a plantation, on the top of a high hill. It was occupied at the time of the fire by Mrs. Moiliett, widow of the late Mr. J. S. Moiliett, by whom some very extensive additions and improvements had been made to the property, amongst which was the erection of a high tower, which overlooked the country for many miles. These improvements had hardly been completed when Mr. Moiliett died, and now nearly the whole has been destroyed by fire.

The fire commenced at about three o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Day. Shortly before that time a servant had been into a store-room at the top of the house, to procure some fruit, &c., for the family dinner; and had taken a lighted candle with her, the room being dark; when the other servants returned from church, in about a quarter of an hour after, they observed smoke issuing from the store-room, and thus the fire was discovered. An alarm was instantly raised, and the neighbours and servants from the different gentlemen's seats and farm-houses in the neighbourhood promptly rendered assistance: among these the servants of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, from Witley Court, were very active and useful. The Rev. J. R. Wood, Canon of Worcester Cathedral and Chaplain to the Queen Dowager, was also on the spot, he having been at the time on a visit at Witley Court.

In consequence, however, of the difficulty of finding water in such an elevated situation as that on which the house stood, and the fire raging at the very top of the mansion, all efforts to save the building proved fruitless; a great deal of very valuable furniture, however, was saved, by the exertions of the people, and also some of the fittings, which were of a most costly description. The principal rooms were decorated with great taste; but the whole is completely destroyed, nothing being now left of this once beautiful residence but the bare and blackened walls.

Mrs. Moiliett, the owner of the property, was, at the outbreak of the fire, lying upon a bed of sickness, where she had been confined for several weeks past. She was removed, with her family of four children, to the Hundred House, a large inn near. The damage to the building is estimated at about £4000; but the value of the furniture, &c., lost is not estimated. The property was insured for some £4000.

Fire-engines were (on the alarm being given) despatched from Witley Court, and from Stourport, but, owing to the want of water, from the cause already stated, they were comparatively inefficient. Happily, the fire taking place in the day-time, no loss of life occurred.

WRECK OF THE "TWA CORNEILSSON" DUTCH EAST INDIAMAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Sunday morning last, at about two o'clock, the Preventive Coast-Guard officers on duty, opposite No. 55 Martello Tower, near the Sluice, in Pevensey

Bay, were apprised of some ship being in distress, and requiring aid from the shore, by hearing, at short intervals, the firing of large guns at sea. The excessive darkness and rough state of the weather, however, made it impossible for the officers to open any communication with the doomed ship. Many and sad were the conjectures, as to who and what the vessel could be, and this dreadful suspense was kept for several hours; till the daylight allowed the officers to ascertain her position, and the crew, their distance from the shore.

She proved to be a large, full-rigged ship, with her bows inclining to the shore westward; the waves were dashing over her with great fury, making a breach across her decks between her main and foremasts, and driving the crew into the mizen-top, where they had considerable difficulty in transferring a sick soldier. After daylight, the Captain, Foromvek, and part of the crew, reached land in the long boat, but were unable to return for their anxious messmates, on account of the roughness of the sea and the strong gale from the west.

About half past ten, the life-boat from Eastbourne was seen coming gallantly before the wind, down to their assistance, manned with a hardy and experienced crew of fishermen appointed for such occasions. She came round the stern, taking a rope thrown from the rigging, and bringing up to the starboard of the wreck with the rope fixed to the mizen yard-arm, and the front of the life-boat; the men then got from the top, on the yard, and all slid down by the rope, except the boy and sick soldier. The former got half way down, where he remained for some time, unable to proceed, the anxious spectators momentarily expecting he would drop into the boiling surf beneath him. He, at last, succeeded in reaching the boat; not so fortunate was the poor soldier, who, being unable to stand, from the exposure and fatigue, had been lashed to the rigging, in which position he was found lifeless by a party of Preventive men who went to his assistance in the afternoon, when the wind was considerably calmer. The crew, consisting of twenty-six seamen, one boy, and three soldiers, were taken to the inn, in the neighbourhood.

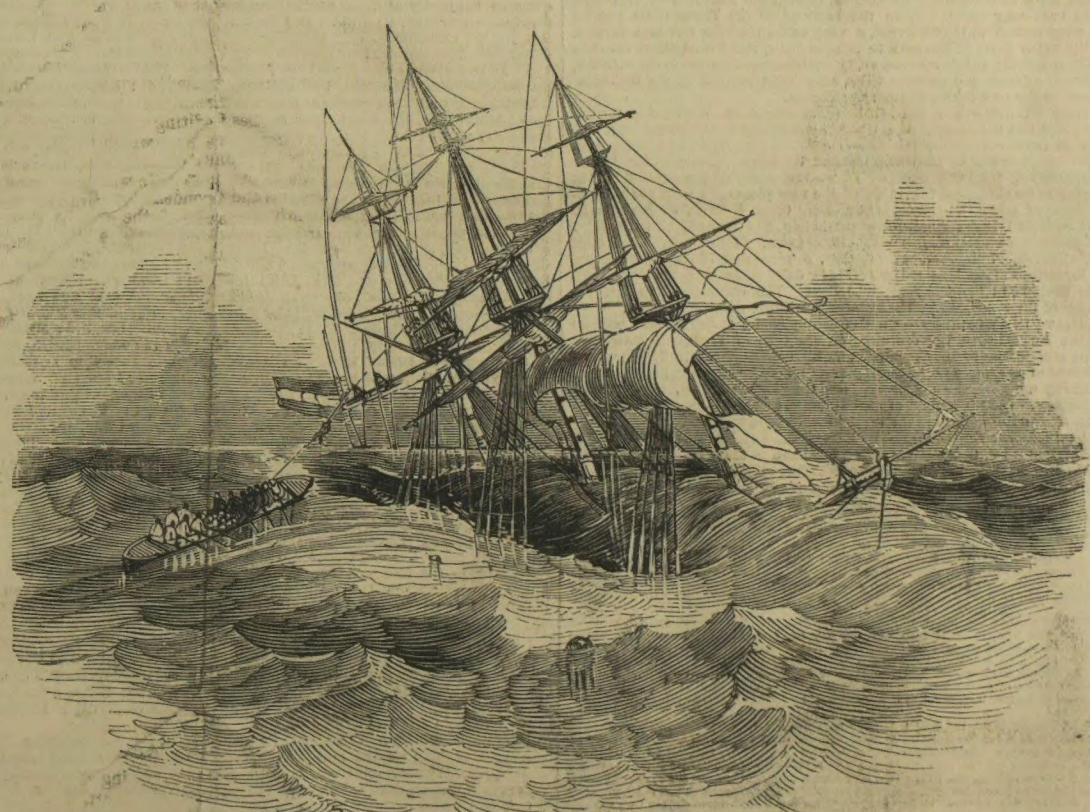
It appeared that they made the different lights correctly along the coast, including Beachy Head, when they signalled for a pilot and lay to for morning; but, from ignorance of their position, they got in too close on the shore, and struck about a quarter of a mile below low water mark; at eleven (high water), it reached about half way between the deck and main-yard; the ship rolled and strained terribly, and fears were entertained whether she would hold together. Thomas Pierce, and two or three hardy fellows, remained for a considerable time, at the peril of their own lives, to be in readiness to render assistance, in case of the mast falling: although they were unable to approach sufficiently near to take any off the wreck, on account of the frailness of their boat. On Monday morning all the masts had given way, and the hull fast yielded to the constant strain of the waves. The rough weather on Tuesday completed the wreck. She was bound from Batavia for Amsterdam, 92 days at sea, and was a fine copper-bottomed ship of about 800 tons, and heavily laden with coffee, indigo, and sugar.

It may be interesting to add that the life-boat by which the crew were saved was built some years since at the expense of the late benevolent John Fuller, Esq., of Rose Hill; he had heard of the want of such a provision on this part of the Sussex coast, and he afterwards took much interest in having the boat well exercised.

A. L.

ELECTION FOR THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.—It is said that George Lane Fox, Esq., of Bramham Park, is likely to be the Conservative candidate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, in opposition to Lord Morpeth. Mr. Fox is a great favourite with a majority of the electors. Lord Morpeth has issued an address in which he states his determination to support a total repeal of the Corn-laws.

A letter from Van Diemen's Land states that Geach, the expatriated solicitor, was in July last keeping a school in a small cottage at Hobart Town. Frost was actively employed as a clerk in the same town, and Jones had left off driving a stage coach, and was then engaged at his trade of watchmaker.



WRECK OF A DUTCH INDIAMAN, PEVENSEY BAY.

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TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—A slight improvement in Sting, and a strong disposition to invest on Fancy Boy, were the only features of a very dull afternoon. To make a formal quotation would be absurd; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the actual bets.—

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At Southfield, Frome, Somerset, Major George Warburton, aged 64, late Inspector-General of the Constabulary Force in Ireland.—At Gloucester, Mrs. C. B., in the 61st year of her age, the lady Harriet Payne Gaway.—At Holdfast, Worcester, Lieutenant-Colonel William Lewis Herford, C.B., formerly of the 23rd Regiment Royal Welsh Fusiliers.—At St. Leonard's Forest, C. G. Beauchler, Esq., son of the late lady Diana and the Rev. John Butler, Esq., Commissary-General in her Majesty's service.—At an advanced age, Francis Pleyte Trapaud, Esq., for many years a magistrate of Middlesex.—At Leamington Priory, in the 68th year, Lady Lucy Stanhope, second daughter of the late Earl of Limerick.—At Kelso, James Peel Cockburn, eldest son of the Rev. Thomas George Wilkins.—At Kelso, James Peel Elizabeth Want, aged 87.—In Russell-square, Margaret, wife of the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, Brodie and Dr. Martin, who was his Lordship's physician in India, and to consult whom his Lordship left his seat of Government.

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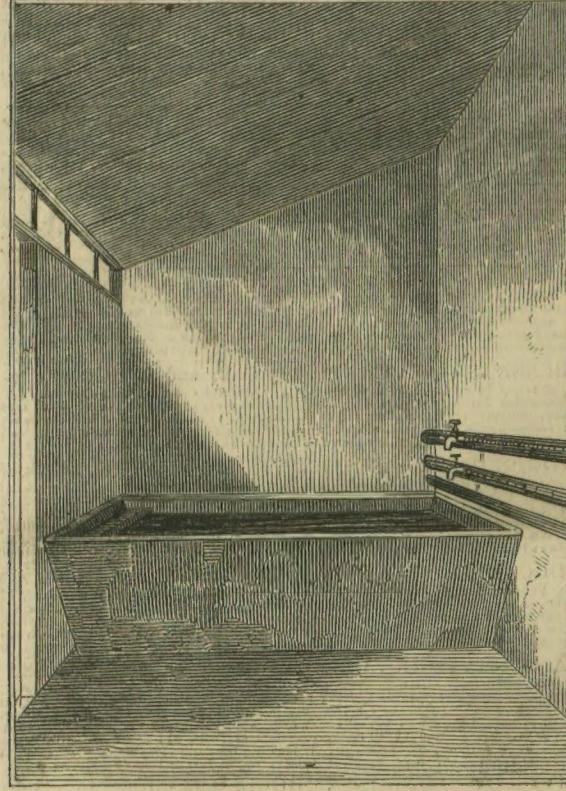
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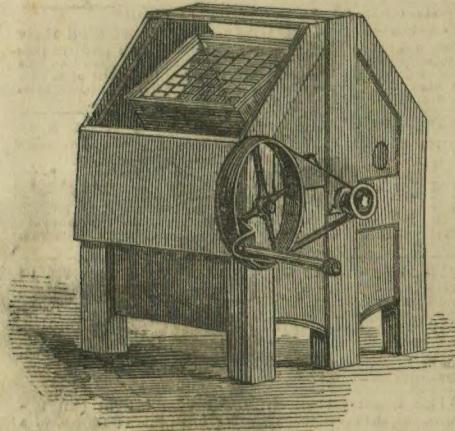
S T. P A N C R A S ' B A T H S A N D W A S H H O U S E S .

This establishment owes its origin to the formation of a society within the present year for providing the labouring classes of the parish of St. Pancras with Baths and Wash-houses. Of the probable or certain effects of erecting such establishments throughout London there may be different opinions, as there always are in reference to novel or untried experiments. The St. Pancras Society, however, have strong reasons to believe that the objections that were at first raised against such projects are, not only in their own parish, but elsewhere,



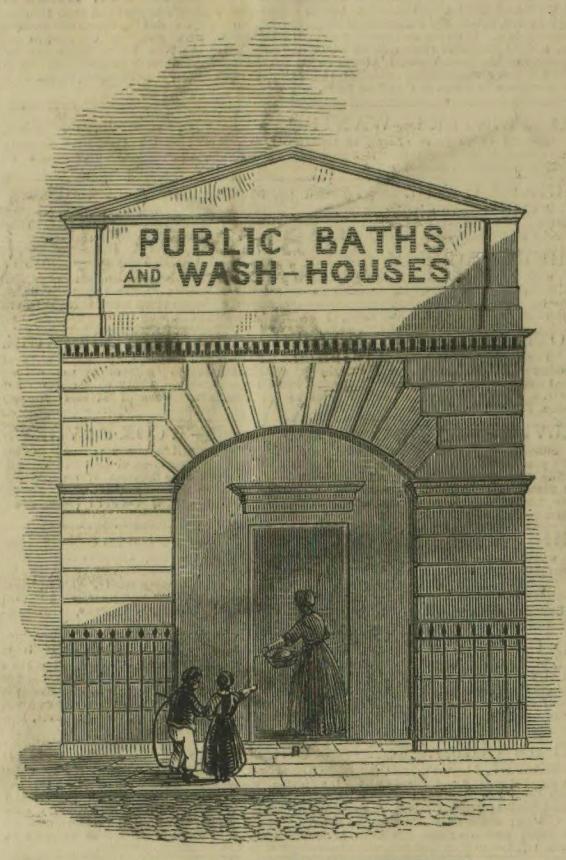
INFERIOR BATH.

first yielding to the facts and arguments which have been brought to bear upon the subject; especially those which have been derived from the reports of the Liverpool Corporation establishment, showing on the one hand that it is conferring direct and immediate benefit upon those for whom it is intended; and, that they, on the other, are desirous of enjoying it. Indeed, it is hard to understand upon what ground the use of the bath, which is so much lauded amongst the rich, can longer be denied to the poor, whose constant toil not only renders it to them a



WRINGING MACHINE.

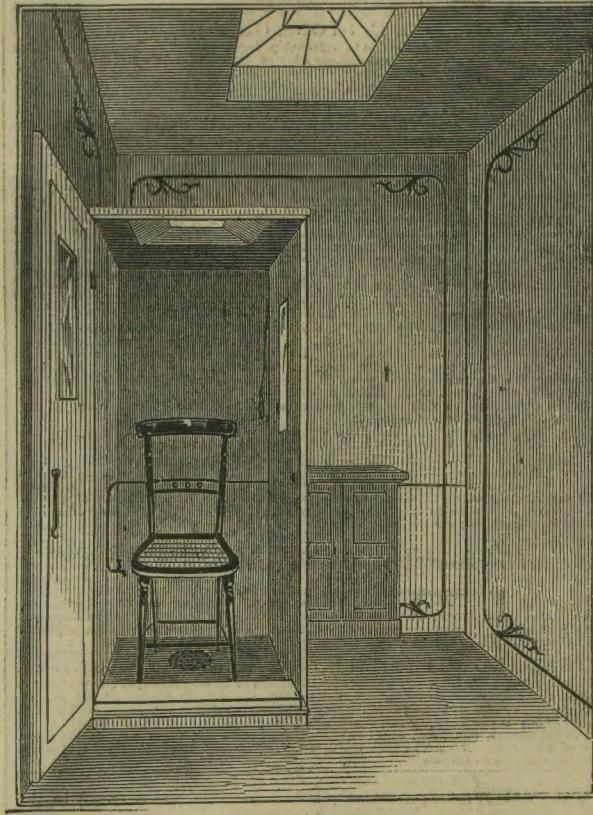
source of greater luxury, but more absolutely essential to their health; for who that knows anything at all of the important and continually employed functions of the skin will admit that frequent ablation is one of the surest modes by which its healthy action may be preserved, and the entire body thereby rendered less susceptible of ailment or disease, and that to its clogged and filthy condition may be attributed, and is very often traced, a considerable portion of those complaints from which so many poor people are continually seeking relief at hospitals, dispensaries, and medical shops? Between the physical constitution of the two classes, there is not that wide difference which would make the frequent use of baths salutary for the rich, and hurtful to the poor; while there is that deep disparity between their respective positions in the world, and their means, which makes it the more incumbent on those who have time and wealth at their command to consider the subject in all its bearings, and then to aid, by their personal activity, as well as their purse, in carrying out the objects of the St. Pancras Society, if they should see in the attainment of those objects increased cleanliness and comfort to the labouring classes of London, and a consequent increase in the congregations of metropolitan churches, from which it is well known that numbers are kept away rather by an inability to make a decent appearance than by inclination. The buildings of the St. Pancras Establishment are now in course of erection. The site is peculiarly favourable, being the vacant ground at the base of the reservoir in the Hampstead-road, which the New River Company have with much liberality given to the society at a nominal rental, accompanying the gift, for so it may be called, with an offer to supply them with fresh spring water, raised from a depth of 200 feet below the surface of the earth, free of expense for the first six months, and at the lowest possible cost subsequently to that period. The possession of such a site upon terms so favourable, the fact of its being situated in a densely populated, though not very poor district (including Camden-town, Somers-town, Henry-street, Hampstead-road, Fitzroy and Mortimer-markets), the certainty of a constant supply of pure water, and the pecuniary support of several noble influential persons in the parish, are circumstances which afford a very fair prospect of early, if not immediate success.



ENTRANCE TO THE BATHS AND WASHHOUSES.

The establishment consists of a range of building, averaging about 12 feet in width, and 800 in extent. It forms nearly three sides of a square, the entrance (by George-street) being in the centre. To the left of the receiving-room, which is placed in a direct line from the entrance, at the end of a passage containing 5 vapour-baths, are 22 small compartments for men's baths (cold, warm, or shower, at the option of the bather), 6 of which will be at a cost of one penny, 6 at twopence, and 10 (superiorly fitted up), for a higher class of persons,

and reached by a separate door, at sixpence; double those prices being charged when hot water is made use of. At the end of these will be two large plunge, or swimming-baths, 60 feet by 21, at twopence and sixpence, with separate approaches. This completes the left wing of the premises. To the right of the receiving-room, and arranged on the same plan, will be 16 baths for women, 8 of them being fitted up in a superior style. Beyond these, and to which

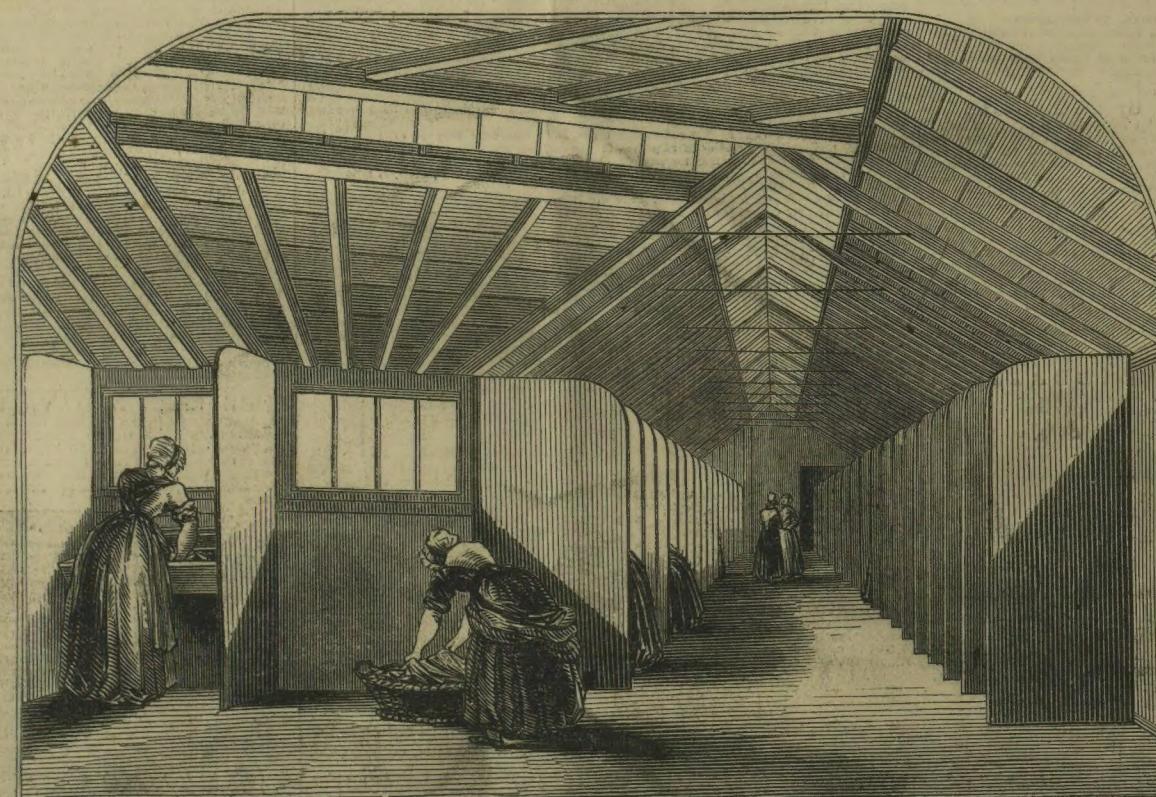


SUPERIOR BATH.

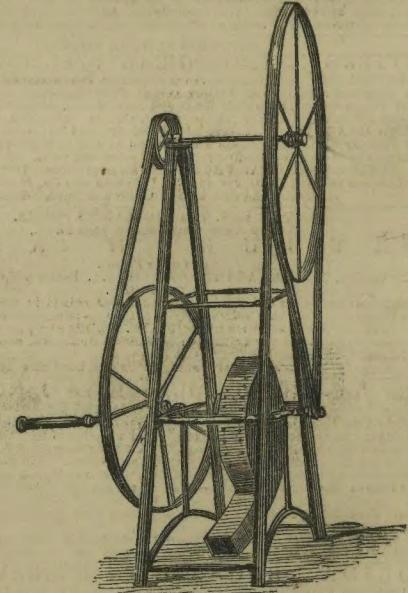
there is a distinct entrance, without passing through the bath-room, is the washing department, which will contain 64 double tubs, the larger portion for washing in, the smaller to be made to answer the purpose of a copper, by a jet of steam which will keep the water in a boiling state. Each woman will be separated from her neighbour by a wooden partition, and need not even turn round until her work is completed, as there is



IRONING AND DRYING-ROOM.



WASHING-ROOM.



HOT AIR MACHINE.

a ledge in front of the tub expressly for placing the things on according as she washes them. That being done she may put them into a patent drying machine (a model of which may be seen at the Polytechnic Institution), and with much less injury to them effect what is now done by the process called 'wringing.' In the next room there is another machine, by means of which hot air is blown into a tube running underneath a range of closets, with a valve for each; that may be closed or opened at pleasure; and, by hanging the clothes in one of these closets, and opening a valve, they, in a very short time, will be fit for the iron or the mangle, both of which will be provided in additional rooms, already built for the purpose. For all this accommodation each person is only to be charged 1d., if she does not stay more than two hours at the tubs, and one hour more in the drying and ironing rooms.

We can only add our sincere anxiety for the success of the establishment; fraught as the plan is with the best means of aiding and improving the health and comfort of the industrious classes.

A MOVEABLE RAILWAY.—A moveable railway is reported to have been lately invented. M. Roessler, of Weimar, and M. Ehrmann, of Erfurt, two young mechanics, exhibited before the members of the Polytechnic Society of Berlin, a carriage with adherent rails, their own invention. This carriage, or diligence, is provided with two series of rails, one on each side, and which, by some simple mechanism, move so that one of them is always under the wheels. Though the coach cannot run with the speed of a railway carriage, it can proceed twice as fast as other carriages on common roads and may be employed where the gradients are strong. It may be drawn not only by an engine, but by horses. A patent for this invention has been obtained in Prussia and Saxe-Weimar.

Constantinople letters of the 8th ult. announce that the committee to which the Divan had referred the examination of the claims of British subjects in Tripoli, had terminated its labours, and that there was every prospect that the long-pending negotiation on the subject between the Porte and the British Ambassador would give rise to no fresh complication.